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No. 2.

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THE ENGLISH REVIEW

28th Year of Publication

CURRENT COMMENTS

AUGUST 1936

Mr. Baldwin and the Leadership

IT would perhaps be too much to say that the question of the continuance of Mr. Baldwin in the leadership of the Conservative Party is agitating the minds of his countrymen. But it continues to flutter the political dovecotes with tolerable consistency. Mr. Baldwin has assured an after-dinner audience that he will choose his own time for retiring. This, it need hardly be pointed out, is quite unsound constitutional doctrine which comes very oddly from one whose long experience of office and Parliament should have instructed him in the elements of our constitutional usage.

The point is now in its essence, simple. If Mr. Baldwin feels incapable, for reasons of health, of devoting himself with that same energy and resolution to the business of the country as is shown, for instance, by the leaders in Italy and Germany, his plain duty is to retire. It is not even worth while discussing at this juncture whether on the whole his contribution to national life has been profitable or the reverse. If he is ill and tired, he cannot do his job ; nor can the country afford to wait for him. We have every sympathy with Mr. Baldwin's ill health and fatigue ; but in other walks of life, if people become unfitted to do their jobs for any reason, they have to go. Why should an exception be made in the case of the most important job of all ? Mr. Baldwin should take a rest from public affairs ; the country will not grudge it him.

After Baldwin, What?

THE obvious successor to the leadership is Mr. Neville Chamberlain. It is said that Mr. Baldwin does not look with favour on this succession and would prefer a different one, possibly Sir Samuel Hoare or Sir Thomas Inskip. Sir Samuel Hoare, for reasons which appeared sufficiently in these Comments last month, can never lead the Conservative Party. For Sir Thomas Inskip's character and abilities we have nothing but admiration, but we do not see in him the genius of leadership nor do we believe that he desires it.

It must be Mr. Neville Chamberlain, and, in the opinion of the majority of the country, the sooner the better. Mr. Chamberlain has never intrigued against Mr. Baldwin ; but it is now being suggested that Mr. Baldwin is intriguing against Mr. Chamberlain's succession. This, if it were true, would not seem to be in accord with Mr. Baldwin's frequent enunciations of fair play. No doubt in August Mr. Baldwin will go, as usual to Aix. It has been suggested that he might leave Mr. Ramsay Macdonald as his deputy. That period may well be one of international crisis. Can the country really contemplate such a situation at such a time, with its normal complacency?

After Chamberlain, What?

MR. CHAMBERLAIN has the undoubted right to the succession as Prime Minister. He has courage, he has vigour. He has clear-mindedness and he has the courage to pursue his course without trimming his sails to the artificial gusts of public opinion. All this he has proved in his tenure of office. But Mr. Chamberlain is well advanced into the sixties and his tenure of office can necessarily not be prolonged. Who will come after him? For this the Conservative Party will have to do some hard thinking—an exercise to which it has become unaccustomed and disinclined.

There is no potential leader in sight and certainly

none is revealed in the debates in the House of Commons. There was a great chance, for instance, for a young Conservative speaker to make his mark on the debate on Mr. Pritt's motion to reduce the Home Office Vote on Friday, June 10.

The Biter Bit

Mr. Pritt made an extremely provocative speech. He criticised the police, sneered at the local administration of justice, criticised, at any rate by implication, the decisions of the Court of Appeal and posed as a champion of the freedom of speech. We can imagine what Mr. F. E. Smith would have had to say to such a speech, but there are no F. E. Smiths nowadays. No Conservative speaker was able or inclined resolutely to expose the humbug of the Socialist championship of freedom of speech.

The Socialists, who, with the Communists, have made it their practice since the War to attempt to deny a hearing to Conservative speakers in industrial districts, now come forward to complain that freedom of speech is imperilled because they are not allowed to dictate the course of other people's meetings. The Socialists have tried to adopt the same tactics at meetings of Sir Oswald Mosley's organisation, which, unlike the Conservatives, provides the means to ensure a hearing of the principles which it wishes to advance. At once the Socialists discover the virtues of freedom of speech—but freedom, be it noted, only for Socialists and Communists to interrupt Fascist meetings and not for Conservative speakers to address Conservative meetings.

It is always amusing to see the biter bit, and the average citizen and the average Conservative may afford to laugh at the transparent humbug of the present Socialist clamour for freedom of speech.

Where are the Young Men?

BUT was this pointed out by Conservative speakers in the House? It was not. The Duchess of Atholl confined

herself to observations "whose connection with the Police Vote the Deputy Chairman was a little puzzled to see." She made no attempt to criticise Satan for rebuking Sin. We had hoped better from the noble lady. But perhaps in Kinross the Duchess of Atholl does not suffer from intimidation and violent heckling. Captain Macnamara was a little better, but said, in apparent seriousness, that Mr. Pritt had the cause of civil liberty at heart. It was left to Mr. Strauss to strike the right note and to point out that the most important aspect of the Fascist question was that they have been able to represent with some plausibility that they are the first people who have been able to obtain an expression of non-Socialist opinion in certain areas. But we had to wait for Sir Arnold Wilson, himself now in the fifties, to compress into three minutes sentiments more fundamental and far-reaching than the rest of the House had been able to express all day. "Fascism," he said, "in some aspects is an indictment of this House due to a growing feeling that we are not competent to perform the duties which the country would have us perform." That is an accurate statement; and the House of Commons is making the old mistake of criticising the expression of the discontent instead of removing its cause. The country wants from the House of Commons a coherent policy, a business-like dispatch of its duties and active leadership.

As for the future leaders of the Conservative Party, the country may be puzzled where to look for them. They certainly do not appear to be in the House of Commons.

Mr. Duff Cooper

ON June 29 an illuminating debate provoked storms about the head of Mr. Duff Cooper. The War Minister had said in a speech at Paris that France's frontier was now our frontier. Strategically that may be true on the unwelcome and unnecessary assumption that Germany

is to be our enemy—or the enemy of France, to be more precise. It cannot be said that truth is any defence. It would have been equally true strategically to have said that we could not tolerate an enemy army in Ireland, but such a statement would not have altogether reassured a fanatical Sinn Feiner. It would have been just as much a piece of evidence of the Government's prejudice. If Mr. Duff Cooper were to research a little more deeply into the true strategic position he would discover that our frontier is still actually our own seaboard from Land's End to Thurso. It is really alarming that the House of Commons should have discussed complacently every aspect of the War Minister's indiscretion with no challenge to his sentiments or to his avowal of policy. Mr. Churchill and Sir Archibald Sinclair (as is hardly to be wondered at) actually approved the attitude of mind expressed. Only in the House of Lords did Lord Rennell make a statesmanlike reference to the incident. The position is that the peace of Europe is endangered because of this subjective attitude towards Dictators and the false belief that there is an affinity between nations with parliamentary institutions. Perhaps this is natural with men to whom politics are a profitable profession. However, to the man in the street, not forgetting the ex-soldier who has no political cause to support him, the natural inclination is towards the nations that are stable—Germany and Italy. This attitude is not based on a love of Germans or Italians but would equally apply to Spain and Albania if they had done anything to stabilise anarchist and defeatist Europe. No, perhaps the truth is that Mr. Duff Cooper in the enthusiasm of a "young man" with a future has committed the major sin of making a remark that might be mistaken for a policy.

Public Debt

THE Russian Government has recently explained to its people that the conversion of internal loans bearing 8 per cent interest into a loan bearing 4 per cent interest

results in an economic gain to the millions of bondholders.

Unfortunately, the people of this country are allowed to think for themselves. In other words they are allowed to reproduce faithfully and confidently the ideas which are heavily stamped upon their free wills by their masters. Therefore they will laugh at the Russian Government and pity the poor peasant of Russia.

One day, however, those who pay £20 a year in income tax and draw £10 a year as creditors of the government will realise that the renunciation of the national debt could be immediately followed by the abolition of income tax.

If so many people would gain, who would lose? The answer, in short, is the financial advisers to His Majesty's Government.

Public debt has been described as a permanent and increasing toll extracted from those who perform some service to the nation by those who do not. The fact that the creditors and debtors cannot be sorted out singly and classified in a proper Civil Service manner scarcely gives the lie to the description.

Incidentally there is an item of our public debt which is usually left out of the reckoning when totals are being quoted. It is an item of £1,306,000,000—or rather it was in March, 1934, having increased by over £5,000,000 in a year of "strict economy." It belongs to the local authorities and its annual cost amounts to about two-thirds of the rates paid in the year.

Our 470,000 Civil Servants cannot give us figures that are less than two and a half years out of date for this item.

The New Minotaur

IN the July issue of *The English Review* Major Dorman Smith, M.P., appealed for a revival of agriculture and made it clear that the most important product of agriculture is man himself.

The following items of news show one of the new uses for land. There is no lack of capital for the farming of this particular herd. The acreage of land devoted to it is on the increase. The standards expected of the buildings are being raised, and the contents are increasing at the rate of some 1,800 head per year.

"The Minister of Health, Sir Kingsley Wood, M.P., opened the new colony for Mental Defectives at Shenley, Hertfordshire. Approximately £360,000 has been spent so far.....The first section, containing accommodation for 1,000 patients was opened in 1933. The second section, for which a loan of £280,000 has been sanctioned, will provide for about 1,000 patients. The colony is in grounds of about 420 acres."

"The Minister of Health has confirmed an order for the acquisition by Lancashire Mental Hospitals Board of 580 acres of land near Ormskirk to provide a new mental hospital for 1,000 patients and a new certified institution for 2,000 mental defectives."

"The Kent County Council has decided to spend up to £750,000 on a new mental hospital."

It would be tedious to multiply the instances. This is how man cultivates himself under the new philosophy. The pets of the Minister of Health receive their subsidy, their annual tribute. What if the farmer restricts his family in order that this tribute may be paid? There is a good classical precedent for it. The Minotaur of Crete required his annual tribute and nothing less than the pick, of the youth of Athens would satisfy him. In our more humane way we lose the pick of our youth before they are born, and apparently without regret.

It is a strange use for English land and a strange tribute for Englishmen to pay. It is progressive, but in what direction?

Action

A MEMBER of Parliament has done something not for profit. Moreover, he has not endowed a hospital nor

left his name in his constituency on the portals of a defectives' home. Mr. Alan Lennox-Boyd, Member of Parliament for Mid-Bedfordshire, has started a greengrocer's establishment in Somerstown to sell the produce of his Bedfordshire constituents.

In a letter which he has written to some of his friends he writes as follows:

> " In an effort to find out whether it would not be possible for the grower to obtain a more remunerative price, and the consumer to pay, if possible, something less than the present prevailing prices, I have started to run a small shop, called the Bedfordshire Producers, which is going to be, at any rate for the space of one year, daily supplied with fresh vegetables from various small-holders in my constituency."

No one can deny the importance of such a venture and it is gratifying to see an M.P. trying to satisfy the real needs of his constituency. This may account for the fact why Mr. Lennox-Boyd, a " Wrecker " of two generations back, has been enabled for a long time to adopt an independent line in the teeth of Party caucus without having to fear the loss of his seat.

Moreover, Mid-Bedfordshire is a really important constituency. The land there is really farmed and contains as high a percentage of small-holders as any other part of England.

Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star

MR. BALDWIN, the Prime Minister, has asked universities to produce more poets. He says it is scientists with their poisoned gas and internal combustion engines who are dangerous. Poets are harmless. At most they leave us incalculable benefits.

" Poitry ? Wot's Poitry ? Ain't it turnin' wot yer says upside down and inside out to make it sound nice ? Ain't it all abaht warblin' birds, and babblin' brooks, and that kind o' 'armless tripe ? "

So think not only all the uneducated, reared on *Evangeline*, but also a large portion of those people to whose passion for Safety First Mr. Baldwin's personality makes such an irresistible appeal.

It is surely only right and proper that a man prominent in modern politics should think and speak like the herd that bleat after him. Might not a man prominent in culture, however, might not a Chancellor of Cambridge University occasionally venture (when among his equals and not electioneering of course) upon a note a little less popular, more enlightened and perhaps also slightly nearer the truth ?

Poets as makers, poets as creators, poets as coiners of values, or as lions roaring accents over values already established—such have been many of the poets who have made poetry the gigantic, if not divine, achievement it is. In their work have often been contrived the solid foundations on which civilizations have endured, or the high explosives that have blown them up. What is the work of a chemist who kills at most a few million men in a generation, compared with that of a poet whose false values, enunciated with the thunder and lightning of genius, may poison two thousand years of human life ?

How Goethe, Browning and even Wordsworth, with his immensely powerful but psychologically false (and therefore dangerous) *Intimations of Immortality*—how these men would have felt flattered had they known that one day the Prophet of Safety First would include them among his safety gadgets !

" I do not think many of them did much harm in their lives," says the Chancellor of Cambridge University.

No ! From David to Déroulède they have all been too busy prattling to our enchanted ears, " Twinkle, twinkle little star ! "

The Royal Show

THE Royal at Bristol this year was the same magnificent affair even if it was a little spoiled by rain. There

the farmer learns the quickest way to lose money but no one interested in British farming can fail to be impressed by all the wonderful exhibits. It is a pity, however, that a great show like the Royal does not bear more relation to home agriculture. The real tragedy is that the finest display of live-stock in the world stands so aloof from the workaday life of our own country-side. The journey to Bristol takes us through acres of understocked and under-farmed land to deposit us in an atmosphere where British agriculture appears superficially to flourish. It is, of course, a fact that the best exhibits are for export and to fertilise the narrow circles of pedigree stock. Our best sires for the most part only improve the quality of imported meat or else widen the already too broad gulf between the subsidised stud farm and the ordinary stock farm on which a British farmer seeks to earn a living and employ a depleted countryside. Then there is the still more disquieting thought that apart from a few large landlords the money behind our modern pedigree stock is largely earned in finance or industry. It was not the profits of the land that brought that wonderful display of cattle into the ring at Ashton Court. Those beasts that represent the real and lasting wealth of the country —the evolved types that only English soil and climate can produce—are dependent on the same financial confidence that falters in economic crises and bolsters up meanwhile a precarious position as workshop of a mass-producing world. Furthermore, it can be questioned who is going to buy up those impressive acres of droning machinery that characterise the Royal. Is it to be our competitors abroad or will the State eventually rip these venomous monsters into nationalised land? No one else will be able to afford them or at least no individual is in a position to go bankrupt with such cheerfulness as a government. Let us remember that our land is primarily designed to be " farmed " (that is to say, to feel the impress of hoof, furrow and human footstep), and that America is now paying the price of prairie farming in the worst

drought in history. Our wonderful pedigree stock would not produce much meat if we were an urban populace without a navy starving on the edge of a hedgeless and treeless desert. Pedigree stock farming and mechanisation must be implements of a determined policy to increase agricultural employment and to "garden" our small island.

The Importance of Breed

THE variety of stock at the Royal is always the chief interest. We can see Angus and Hereford bulls at Islington and feast our eyes on record-breaking cows at the Dairy Show. We have to wait until the Royal is at some remote corner of England to see some of our local breeds.

Massed together at Bristol there was a good display of Gloucester cattle and Gloucester Old Spot pigs. The former are attractive with their white backs and tails. The breed is so potent that it can mark itself on any other stock with which it is crossed, just like that once so closely confined Hereford sheep, the Ryeland. Many of these small breeds depend for their existence on the altruism of a few country gentlemen and yet the day may come when some of them may be wanted by the nation.

The Warwickshire Longhorns too were a cheering sight with their strange appearance as also were the declining Sussex breed, a lovely park cattle that once had a great market overseas. Conspicuous by its absence among the vanishing breeds of sheep was the lanky Cotswold. No longer to be seen within sight of its own hills was the sheep which takes our minds back from the genteel days of baby mutton to the age of broadcloth and exquisite stone churches. However, a great display of Oxfords, Hampshires and Southdowns showed that the down sheep of the chalk hills are still a part of English farming, and long may the shallow lands be farmed with the sheep fold and without the aid of artificial manure.

We shall make a great mistake if we allow consumers' dictates and our urban financial policy to destroy some of these unique breeds that British patience, skill and climate have built up. The present diseased and commercially exploited state of the poultry industry stands before us as a warning. We must not allow the Angus and the Ayrshire to become the White Leghorns of beef and milk production respectively. A standardised market breed will not flourish indefinitely on an infinitely varied countryside.

Dried Grass

GREAT interest was shown in the grass-drying machinery. This is the new craze and while the farmer is obsessed by the novelty, the urban critic is convinced that the fact that every farmer does not possess an expensive plant is evidence of the unprogressive spirit of British farming. However, time must judge and caution is essential at this stage. These grass-drying plants may become essential features of our countryside like the thrashing machine. On the other hand they may become monuments of a not far distant past like the " silo." The impressive statistics as to the feeding value of dried grass have not been fully weighed against the possible qualities of the sun-dried seed in the old fashioned hay. Again, what is going to be the effect of cropping grass out of season and with good pastures constantly thwarting their seeding cycle ? We should be more assured if we felt that our scientists were as anxious to encourage intensive (peasant) cultivation as to sell machinery. In the meantime grass-drying will make great strides if this summer's rain persists in giving it free propaganda.

The Disappointing War. I

By Evelyn Waugh

(THE ENGLISH REVIEW is glad to have the opportunity, in this and succeeding issues, of publishing the opening chapter of Mr. Evelyn Waugh's new book on the Italo-Abyssinian War which is to be published in the Autumn. The chapter we publish is an informed and lucid presentation of the origins and background of the conflict.—Editor.)

" From the beginning it has proved a thoroughly disappointing war to us."

Letter from the Editor of a London daily newspaper, recalling his Special Correspondent from Abyssinia.

" Although the benefits of a civilised Protectorate are very evident, it is, I confess, with a feeling almost of sadness that I reflect that since I said farewell to Johannis at Afgol, on December 16, 1887, no other European can ever grasp the hand of an Independent Emperor of Ethiopia."

THESE words, published in 1892 in Mr. Gerald Portal's account* of his embassy to Abyssinia—an undertaking, like most others in that country, accomplished only at the expense of acute privation and some danger, embarrassed by the treachery of native guides and the ceremonious discourtesies of native noblemen; like most others fruitless of result—record what an informed and, on the whole, sympathetic observer in the last century foresaw as the inevitable development of Ethiopian history.

He was writing at the close of a decade which had been marked by sensational changes in the constitution of Africa; changes still active whose only logical outcome was the division and occupation of the entire continent by the peoples of Europe. In the previous decade Livingstone and Stanley had made their momentous journeys across hitherto totally unknown country. Living-

* *My Mission to Abyssinia* by Gerald H. Portal, C.B., 1892.

stone had inspired a resurgence of missionary spirit comparable, though in many respects dissimilar, to that of the sixteenth century—Catholics, Lutherans, Anglicans, Baptists had followed the laborious stages of his great journey, eager to reclaim the Africans from slavery and superstition. Stanley appealed more particularly to the commercial ambitions of his age. The industrial revolution, which had begun by giving more wealth to nearly everybody, had reached its second stage in which enormous, yearly increasing accumulations of surplus capital were falling into a small, yearly diminishing, number of hands; the need of the time was for new sources of raw material, new markets but, more than anything, for new fields of profitable investment. It was in his private capacity as a capitalist that Stanley's patron, King Leopold of Belgium, founded the International African Association. But in the '80's the exploitation of Africa took on a national and political complexion France in the arduous years that followed the Prussian war, saw a possibility of recovering in Africa the prestige she had lost in Europe. England, concerned primarily with safeguarding the route to India, possessed of ample territories in the temperate zone for the settlement of her surplus population, at first hung back, repeatedly and explicitly discouraging expansion of her coastal trading stations, until forced into competition by Germany.

It was not until 1884 that Bismarck disclosed his ambitions of African Empire; from the moment that he did so, he became the dominating engineer of the partition. Africa was enormous; there was room for everyone; its wealth was illimitable; there, looming preternaturally large in the mists of legend and travellers' tales lay the solution that Europe was seeking; there the ambitions and energies that with disastrous regularity rose to threaten the progress of civilization, might have full and harmless scope. His concern, while obtaining all for his own people which generations might require, was that the frictions aroused in the scramble should not

imperil the settlement of Europe so recently and satisfactorily achieved. The Congress of Berlin met in the winter of 1884 and the powers discussed their claims and intentions. All were agreed upon the basic assumption: Africa was open to partition; any part of it that was held only by its own natives was a no-man's-land which any European might claim. Boundaries were to be on a strictly national basis;* it only remained to define the rules by which they should be drawn.

Ten years earlier, when European interest was limited to a fringe of coastal trading stations, it had been vaguely held that, as mineral rights are prolonged from the earth's surface to its centre, the hinterland of these stations was legitimately theirs for an indefinite depth, if and when expansion should seem desirable. Such a theory was clearly applicable only to a circular and perfectly homogeneous continent; it had moreover the grave objection that considerable strips of the African coast were claimed on historic grounds by weak and, it was believed, retrograde states such as Portugal and Zanzibar. At Berlin an attempt was made to define what constituted "effective occupation" and "spheres of influence." In practice, however, boundaries continued to be marked by the process of local adventure by explorers and leisurely adjustment in their respective Chanceries.

The most remarkable feature of the partition was the speed with which it was accomplished. In less than ten years the whole of pagan Africa was in the hands of one or other of the European powers. Explorers pushed on from village to village armed with satchels of draft treaties upon which hospitable chiefs were induced to set their mark; native interpreters made gibberish of the legal phraseology; inalienable tribal rights were exchanged for opera hats and musical boxes; some potentates, such as the Sultan of Sokoto, thought they were accepting tribute when they were receiving a sub-

* The Congo Free State was brought into being but from the first was mainly and soon exclusively Belgian.

sidy in lieu of their sovereign rights,* others that it was the white man's polite custom to collect souvenirs of this kind; if, when they found they had been tricked, they resisted the invaders, they were suppressed with the use of the latest lethal machinery; diplomats in Europe drew frontiers across tracts of land of which they were totally ignorant, negligently overruling historic divisions of race and culture and the natural features of physical geography, consigning to the care of one or other white race millions of men who had never seen a white face. A task which was to determine the future history of an entire continent, requiring the highest possible degree of scholarship and statesmanship, was rushed through in less than ten years.

But the avarice, treachery, hypocrisy and brutality of the partition are now a commonplace which needs no particularization. Indeed the popular view is to exaggerate the criminality; to accept the fact as something inexcusable but irreparable; a great wrong, never to be repeated, committed in another, more barbarous age. It is worth remembering, at the present crisis, how lately these things were done and also how many of the high qualities of European civilization appeared in the process. In the lowest category, the financiers who stayed in Europe at their offices, were men of daring; what they risked was a small thing but it was what they valued most highly; orthodox big-business distrusted the travellers' tales of African wealth; it was a gamble in which fortunes were lost as well as won. The explorers were doing what no men had done before them; they did not travel at the head of an army but in small companies, often alone, in unknown dangers. Many lost their lives, almost all lost their health and of the mixed motives which impelled them—adventure, patriotism, science—avarice was usually the least important and the least rewarded. There were the administrators who, for small salaries, brought justice and order into wicked places and,

* *The Dual Mandate in British Tropical Africa* by Lord Lugard, 1922

in the highest category at all, priests and nuns, missionaries of every sect and doctors, whose whole lives were an atonement for the crimes of their countrymen. It is worth remembering that these achievements were not exclusively or even predominantly British.

It is worth remembering indeed, in the present circumstances the particular nature of the reproach which attaches to England. France, Germany and Belgium were the more ruthless; we the more treacherous. We went into the shady business with pious expressions of principle; we betrayed the Portuguese and the Sultan of Zanzibar,* renouncing explicit and freshly made guarantees of their territory; we betrayed Lobenguela and other native rulers in precisely the same method but with louder protestations of benevolent intention than our competitors; no matter into what caprice of policy our electorate chose to lead us, we preached on blandly and continuously; it was a trait which the world found difficult to tolerate; but we are still preaching.

2

In 1930 many Europeans exercised the privilege of grasping the hand of an Independent Emperor of Abyssinia.

On November 2 of that year Ras Tafari Makonnen was crowned King of Kings, Lion of Judah, Emperor Haile Selassie I at Addis Ababa. Delegations from the entire civilized world were present to wish him, in the name of their countries, a long and prosperous reign and to assure him of their friendly intentions. The Duke of Gloucester, attended by the Governors of the surrounding territories, represented Great Britain; the Prince of Udine, Italy; Marshal d'Esperey, France. Not only these great neighbouring powers, but states as remote in their interests as Holland and Poland chose to interpret the announcement of the succession as an invitation;

* *The Partition of Africa* by J. Scott Keltic, 1893.

everyone was eager to observe this unique monarchy which had defied all predictions and retained its independence. Abyssinian hospitality was strained almost unendurably in their accommodation. It was widely believed among the populace that these braided figures had come to pay homage.

The new Emperor was treated to every mark of independent royalty. Press photographers and cinema men jostled before him, divesting the prolix solemnities of almost all their decency. Presents of biblical diversity were heaped upon him—Hock from Germany, statuary from Greece, bedroom furniture from Egypt. Distant editors were demanding stories of "barbaric splendour" and, while earnest palace officials were trying to interest the visiting correspondents in the new programme of administrative reform and social service, the cable office was glutted with press-messages describing the rough and often shoddy pageantry in terms that would have been barely applicable to the court of Suleiman the Magnificent or of the Mogul Emperors of India.

Except at the military reviews the Abyssinians were not conspicuous. At the coronation itself only a few dozen were present—the great Rases, who sat among the delegations on the dais, gorgeous, rather morose personages in comic gilt coronets, and a handful of smaller chiefs who had fought their way past the royal guards and now dozed fitfully on the floor in far corners of the pavilion. Besides these, the European visitors were aware of the existence, at a great distance, of a dense, half-human rabble that was constantly held at bay by the police; a mass of curly black heads that were for ever being whacked with staves; a great tide of grubby white garments which flowed into the city at dawn from the surrounding hillside and ebbed out at nightfall, assisted in all its motions by unremitting direction from canes and rifle butts.

The focal point, the still hub of all the turmoil, was Tafari himself; a small, elegant figure, Oriental rather

than African, formal, circumspect, inscrutable; he moved like a vested statue carried in a religious procession; he sat upright and impassive among the sprawling and fidgeting European delegates; it scarcely seemed possible that any one could take pleasure as sadly as he took those of his European guests; at the race course he spoke to no one, but sat under his canopy, motionless except for a slight inclination in acknowledgement of the salutes of the winning riders; in the ballroom he sat by the wall, his tiny, polished shoes just clear of the dancers.

That crowded week was the consummation of months of feverish activity, years of quiet plotting. A few days earlier he had been driving about the city directing, in person, the planting of the flagstaffs, the erection of triumphal arches; he had discussed every detail of the extravagant entertainment. He was able, now, to sit and enjoy his triumph. For years he had been playing a delicate game between the powers and his own people; abroad and to foreign visitors he had shown himself as the descendant of an historic line of Christian Kings and Queens, representative of an ancient civilization, a statesman who would distil all that was most valuable in the modern world, the friend of missionaries, doctors and schoolmasters; he had explained his country as a mediaeval state, a cohesive whole held together by the intricate bonds of feudalism, its occasional disorders as those which had beset Europe seven centuries ago—the overmighty subject, a too dominant clergy. At home he had presented himself as the man who understood the ways of the foreigner, to whom his people must surrender their ancient rights of local independence if they were to retain any independence at all. He could make no pre-eminent claim to authority on grounds of heredity; the real Emperor was in chains, few people knew where. He was the man chosen for a job; one of many great noblemen elected by the others, one of themselves, set the task for which they knew he was suited, to continue the tortuous, dangerous policy that had so far succeeded, of

playing off the powers against each other. It was thus that Abyssinia, contrary to all reasonable prediction, had survived so far, not only intact but enormously augmented.

But in Tafari's mind—pathetically compounded of primitive simplicity and primitive suspicion, of the traditional Christian righteousness, that had found occasional expression even in characters as intemperate as the Emperor Theodore's, and traditional savage hostility to European standards—there was a belief, half formed, never fully operative, that there had lately been a change in the constitution of the world. Abyssinia had survived through the rivalries of the powers; now these rivalries were at an end; old wrongs had been forgotten, the map had finally been drawn, rolled up, sealed, at Versailles and Geneva. The powers still maintained their mission to rule Africa; they had consecrated it in the phrase of the League Covenant "*The well-being and development of peoples not yet able to stand by themselves under the strenuous conditions of the modern world form a sacred trust of civilization.....best entrusted to advanced nations.*" Germany, by her defeat in battle, was held to have proved herself unworthy of this trust and her share was redistributed, great parts being given to the Boers—with the single exception of the Abyssinians the most notoriously oppressive administrators of subject peoples in Africa.* But Abyssinia remained unappropriated. More than that, through the good offices of her old enemies the Italians, she had inexplicably—miraculously it might well appear to a people as confident of divine favour as the Abyssinians—stepped into place beside the conquerors. She was a member of the League of Nations, admitted on equal terms to the councils of the world, her territory guaranteed

* The massacre by air bombing of the Bondelzwarts, a primitive race in Ex-German South-West Africa, by the South African mandatory Government, on the grounds that "they could not or would not pay a tax on their dogs," was mentioned at Geneva in 1923 but resulted in no reproof or compensation.

absolutely and explicitly; that vast and obscure agglomeration of feudal fiefs, occupied military provinces, tributary sultanates, trackless no-man's-lands roamed by homicidal nomads; undefined in extent, unmapped, unexplored, in part left without law, in part grossly subjugated; the brightly coloured patch in the schoolroom atlas marked, for want of a more exact system of terminology, "*Ethiopian Empire*", had been recognized as a single state whose integrity was the concern of the world. Tafari's own new dynasty had been accepted by the busy democracies as the government of this area; his enemies were their enemies; there would be money lent him to arm against rebels, experts to advise him; when trouble was brewing he would swoop down from the sky and take his opponents unawares; the fabulous glories of Prestor John were to be reincarnate; roads, telephones, tractors, chemical manures, clinics, colleges and new, hygienic gaols.....

Forty years of confused history, in Africa and Europe, lay between Tafari and Johannis. It was during this period that the Ethiopian Empire came into existence.

3

At the beginning of the nineteenth century Abyssinia consisted of the four mountain kingdoms of Amhara, Shoa, Tigre and Gojjam, situated in almost complete isolation from outside intercourse; their neighbours were hostile pagans and Mohammedans of negro and Hamitic race; the Abyssinians* were Christians of mixed Semitic and Hamitic blood; they had migrated from Arabia at some unrecorded date, probably before the Christian era; they employed a common literary language, Ghiz, and spoke dialects derived from it, Tigrean and Amharric; they shared a common culture

* The name, a corruption of the Arabic Habasha, is variously derived as meaning "Mongrels" and as "members of the Arabian Habashat tribe."

and feudal organisation and recognized a paramount King of Kings as their nominal head; from time to time in their history the King of Kings had asserted effective government and extended his rule to the outlying tribes; in the century before Mohammed he had controlled a great part of the Red Sea coast and the Yemen; there are ancient traditions of a golden age in which he had ruled from Khartoum to Nyassa, but by 1818 when, it is thought, Kassa was born, the office had become purely titular, shared often by several claimants at once, and the four kingdoms were practically autonomous; they were at constant war against one another, against their neighbours, and against internal rebels. Kassa was the son of a minor Amharra chief; his mother lived by selling *kosso*, a specific against tape-worm, in the streets of Gondar; like most Abyssinians with any claim to gentle birth he traced his descent to Solomon and the Queen of Sheba. From living by brigandage in the low countries, Kassa succeeded in making himself King of Kings, under the name of Theodore, and for the first time in centuries established a central monarchy over the whole country; in later life he became an alcoholic and in his cups imprisoned at Magdala a handful of European adventurers including two who had been given British consular privileges. In 1867 an expedition was sent to rescue them under Lord Napier and, at the cost of £9,000,000, was successful. Theodore committed suicide at the moment of defeat and the British troops left the country to another period of chaos. In 1872 the Ras of Tigre became King of Kings under the name of John (the Johannis whose independent hand was grasped by Mr. Gerald Portal). He was much pestered during his short reign by European bag-men and died, very gloriously, at the moment of victory over the Dervishes. His reign is notable as marking the beginning of the struggle for empire between the Italians and the Abyssinians which resulted in the wars of 1895 and 1935. The nature of this struggle has never been widely understood in Europe.

World Plan in Action

By the Rt. Hon. Lord Queenborough, G.B.E.

THE present outlook in Europe presents the most confused and dangerous picture with which the Western peoples have ever been confronted.

The National Socialist Revolution in Germany restored the unity and strength of a country which politically as well as geographically has held the centre of the European stage since 1870.

In France at the moment a so-called " United Front " of Radicals, Socialists and Communists have restored Daladier, Chautemps, Herriot and other left-wing leaders to office, under the leadership of the wealthy Socialist Léon Blum.

Again it would seem that " ouvrier " and " Marxiste " are interchangeable terms in France, but, be that as it may, France now stands openly linked with the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics and therefore to a large extent with the Comintern and Third International. At this point we begin to get nearer to an understanding of the true state of affairs. The connection between Capitalism as represented by International Finance, and Bolshevism as represented by the Soviet Government and the " left-wing " forces in every European country, is now widely recognised. To crystallise this position and place the opposing factions into even sharper distinctions the issue may be said to lie between Nationalism and Internationalism.

Nationalism, broadly speaking, is represented by Germany, Italy, Poland, Austria, Hungary, and Jugoslavia. Internationalism on the other hand is represented by Russia, France, Czecho-Slovakia and Rumania, *via* Geneva, with Great Britain as a somewhat uncertain supporter on the Right Flank of the political " left."

Nationalism stands for a determination to strengthen and maintain the national type, character, identity and institutions in a form of Government demanding discipline and stern endurance from all classes. The Capita-

listic conception of Property in terms of uncontrolled ownership is denounced by the new Nationalism, which, in Germany, assumes the form of an idealistic devotion to Race and soil; in Italy of pride in the Nation and faith in its Imperial Destiny; in Poland of joy in independence regained and in determination to assure the survival of a re-born Catholic Poland. Austria and Hungary represent their individual cases—nostalgia for a vanished past with humiliation under present wrongs are binding factors in each case. The new Kingdom of Jugoslavia is an artificially created State; the nationalist policy of its Government arises largely from the fear of disintegration due to the internal dissension between the Croats and Slovenes. Child of a romantic pan-Slavism, it has now the failings without the qualities of the late Hapsburg Empire.

An apparent return to normal political and social forms in Russia should mislead none but the ignorant or those whom interest leads into wilful self-deception—Russia is the creature of the forces of International World Revolution; one of the two main levers for the elevation of an international Super-State. The second lever is the League of Nations. Russia will go from Red to Pink, from Pink to Whitewash, as circumstances mould her day to day policy—but the ultimate aim and constant will of her rulers remain the same. The Soviet Government is an instrument in a definite plan and not an independent political entity.

The Franco-Soviet Pact is another forward step in the move towards the goal of World Dominion, since it links a major western power with the forces of " left " Revolution working for a mechanised and enslaved humanity. The anti-Clerical Masonic, political rulers of France have now, it is evident, joined forces with their Bolshevik allies and have dragged with them certain of the satellite Treaty States which are a heritage of Versailles. For those who care to devote their time to the task of analysing the evidence Geneva can clearly be shown to be the

framework on which is to be built a World Government possessed of an army to enforce its will* and of " limitless financial resources " to consolidate its power.

The ambitions of Italy may, in part, have been met, by her conquest of Abyssinia, but the heavy task of building up order and a stable administration in Abyssinia must necessarily act as a drain on her wealth and manpower for a considerable period.

The failure of " sanctions " may seem to refute the theory of Geneva as a powerful World State. The Ethiopian imbroglio however was Geneva's Salisbury Plain from which valuable tactical lessons have been learned. Moreover, every plan must necessarily leave the human factor out of account since even with a partially controlled Press and Radio, human beings have a disconcerting independence of thought and their reactions to a given situation cannot always, with accuracy, be forecast. The French left was under the cloud of the Stavisky scandals (as a result of which the Fascist leagues had emerged) when Sanctions were applied and it was also more profitable to use Italy's action against Abyssinia as a club with which to beat Fascism and Nationalism than to enter into what must have become a world conflict before the groundwork had been completed.

The Italo-Abyssinian war has proved an invaluable asset to the Bolsheviks in the business of uniting the working classes behind a common front of moderate and extreme left wingers, to the detriment of trade and to the advancement of unrest and disorder.

The terms of the Franco-Soviet Pact and the chain of similar Pacts between the Soviet, Rumania, and Czecho-Slovakia having long caused serious alarm to the German Government it was not surprising that Germany took advantage of the confused position in Europe to occupy the demilitarised zone in the Rhineland. In England Sir

**Vide* the propaganda of the "New Commonwealth" and similiar societies in Europe.

Alfred Zimmern and Professor Noel Baker issued memoranda on behalf of the League of Nations Union demanding sanctions against Germany and the intensification of sanctions against Italy! The strong pro-German feeling among the mass of British people revealed during the discussions among the Locarno Powers which followed Germany's action came as a surprise to our Government and undoubtedly influenced the attitude of Mr. Eden. Germany's action, on the other hand, materially assisted the ratification by the French Senate of the Franco-Soviet Pact and provided fresh material for the Popular Front at the elections which followed.

Coupled with these developments in Europe the Arabs of Palestine—incensed by the increase of Jewish immigration and by the discovery of Jewish arms—smuggling at Haifa—organised a strike which has now assumed the character of a revolution. Thus the Mediterranean is in ferment, while in Western Europe unrest grows apace. The successes of the Communists in Spain have produced a very dangerous situation in that country and there is sufficient evidence to prove that the hand of the Comintern is behind the excesses of the "Frente Popular" (Spanish "Popular Front").

Thus we have a situation in which M. Litvinov finds every essential ready to his hand for the maintenance of that promotion of unrest which his government has pursued since its inception. While at Geneva M. Litvinov demands respect for Treaties and strong measures against all those whom the Council of the League declares to be guilty of breaches of the Covenant of the League, the agents of the Third International are at work in Europe, Asia, and the Americas, leaving in their wake a trail of strikes, riots and outrages. China, India, Mexico, Spain, France and Belgium are torn by conditions varying from industrial unrest to anti-Clerical persecution and civil war. The activities of the Communists in India were emphasised in Lord Willingdon's Dispatch to the Secretary of State for India in October, 1935, while the

pressure of the Soviet in China is now well known.

China and the Soviet Republic of Outer Mongolia are to be thrown into the balance to resist Japan, while in India the Communist Nehru—President of the Congress Party—may be relied upon to foment strife, in addition to the chaos which threatens to follow the introduction of the Reformed Constitution in 1937.

The technique of Bolshevisation as a prelude to the erection of a World State under Marxist control is remarkable. In Europe the period 1789-1848 paved the way for International Class War *via* Reformist and Liberal Nationalism. In Asia the symptoms now prevailing are due to the fact that Asia is one stage behind Europe in the Revolutionary Campaign—thus, paradoxical as it may seem to the uninitiated, Internationalist Communists invariably lend their aid to Asiatic Nationalism since their plans are laid in advance and the transformation of Nationalism into a Proletarian Dictatorship is the next objective. Ireland offers an example of similar methods. Afghanistan, Iraq, and Iran are also bound to the Soviet by a chain of Pacts and trade agreements; thus the Russian diplomatic and commercial octopus sprawls across Rumania, Czecho-Slovakia, France and Spain in the West and through the Caucasus and the Gobi Desert into Turkey, Iran, Iraq, Afghanistan, Mongolia, Chinese Turkestan, and China in the East. Wherever its tentacles reach the following symptoms appear: efforts at a united front of so-called "progressives"; strikes, and in the case of Asiatic countries student demonstrations and manifestations of anti-European "Nationalism."

While Moscow and the Third International employ the forces of diplomacy and seditious agitation the League of Nations, which since the departure of Japan and Germany has been decidedly "left-wing" in its political bias, has created a vast chain of committees and sub-committees by means of which Geneva can influence many developments—economic, industrial,

educational and cultural—among the countries which are members of the League. Apart from the actual workings of such bodies as the International Labour Office and the Bank of International Settlements, Committees dealing with the Public Health, Intellectual Co-operation, Finance, Mandates, Scientific Industrial and Agricultural Research, and a host of other matters now provide the basis from which a complete international "Civil Service" and administration can emerge. Consciously or unconsciously, therefore, a vast campaign of open and underground disintegration is being carried on. If it is correct to assume that the avowed aim of the original Bolshevist rulers of Russia was World Revolution and that it remains that of her present rulers, is it not equally true to assert that a successful World Revolution must necessarily entail a central World Government? And, admitting this, the development of the League of Nations along the lines which I have indicated, coupled with the present trend in the domestic politics of those Western Powers which are members of the League, cannot fail to give rise to the strongest suspicions among students of the situation.

Not only do the Committees which carry on their activities within the Palace of the Nations at Geneva serve to intensify that process of centralisation and denationalisation which is so ardently desired by Communists, Pacifists and "Moderates" alike, but those societies formed in each country to mobilise support for the League of Nations have themselves assumed, to a growing extent, the character of political organisations. In England the League of Nations Union, intended to be an impartial association, has tended more and more to become identified with the left in Politics—its propaganda now permeates schools, churches, and every public institution of a cultural nature.

It has evolved into a formidable force which organises so-called "Peace Ballots" whereby eleven millions of people have been led unwittingly into serving as a ponder-

ous bludgeon with which the Executive of the Union seek to crush those ministers of the Crown who, in an age of unbridled democracy, endeavour to pursue a course dictated rather by their own special knowledge than by the theories and wishes of an extra-governmental propaganda machine.

In the face of such startling and unforeseen developments both at Geneva and at home those who, like myself, were at first happy to lend their aid to a body which they believed to be devoted to peaceful ends and to the substitution of arbitration for armed conflict, find themselves compelled out of a sense of duty to the public to sever their connection with the League's supporters and to make public the evidence which has forced them to conclude that the League is no longer an instrument for Peace.

The League now stands revealed as an International Tribunal against which no appeal, save that of force, can lie, and at whose hands none but countries under the same type of political control can expect Justice.

The only honourable and worthy solution for Europe is a Peace based upon the mutual understanding and respect of sovereign and independent nations—nations moreover from which internecine strife, class hatred and industrial unrest have been banished by the ennobling spirit of comradeship and unity in the Service of the State. It is significant—I would almost say sinister—to find no condemnation of Class Warfare in all the writings and utterances of the supporters of the League of Nations. While in Spain churches and convents crumble in flames, while in Mexico and South America the agents of the Soviet inflame ignorant populations against all constituted authority, while in Russia itself men and women are mobilised in the creation of a vast military machine which weighs upon the frontiers of Europe and of Asia, the voice of Litvinov has been raised at the Council of the League recently held in St. James's Palace to declare that : ".....the attitude of the Soviet

Union is pre-determined by its general policy of struggling for peace, for the collective organisation of security, and for the maintenance of one of the instruments of peace—the existing League of Nations. We consider that one cannot struggle for peace without at the same time defending the integrity of international obligations, particularly such as have direct bearing on the maintenance of existing frontiers, on armaments, and on political or military aggression" (*The Times*, March 18, 1936).

The melancholy ghosts of the Emperor Nicholas, his wife and slaughtered children, the accusing fingers of the hundreds of thousands of peasants, priests, bourgeois, officers and landowners upon whose corpses the Soviet Union is established, should serve to point a significant and terrible warning of the falsity of such sentiments, coming from such a source. If the International Super-State at Geneva is to take its morality from the Soviet, the spirit of its code of laws from the disastrous Treaty of Versailles, and thus endowed to equip itself with an army and enforce its will upon the peoples of Europe and the British Empire, then all that our instincts and upbringing have taught us to believe to be just, honourable and right, will inevitably wither and perish. The mass of the people of Great Britain would welcome with a profound sense of relief a return to a free and unfettered Foreign Policy, and more so if coupled with the restoration of our defence forces to a level consonant with our vast responsibilities, in order that the British Empire, strong and secure once more, might, while setting its own house in order, help to guide the footsteps of a distracted world along the road to Peace—but no such outcome now seems possible if we remain linked to Geneva and Moscow and turn our backs upon those well tried and time honoured policies which in the past were the source of all our strength and which now alone hold out to us any hope for the future.

France To-day

By Alfred Silbert

(*M. Alfred Silbert, who is the political editor of* L'Ordre, *is one of the leading authorities on public affairs in France.* —Editor.)

SINCE the establishment of the Republic in 1870, the Radical party, Republican to the bone, has for long been able to exercise in France an absolutely preponderant political rôle of balance between the extreme right and the extreme left. But at the same time as it was installed in power the Radical party lost some of its first virulency, in favour of the Socialist party, a leading representative of which, who, after the last war, was President of the Republic, M. Alexandre Millerand, came into power in the opening years of this century. The slogan of " no enemies on the left " in fact, won over the country lower middle and the working classes in France, allied to one another in the search for social progress, under the standard of equality. Besides, is this slogan of equality as free from passions as it ought to be ? Such is not the opinion of everyone. " To one knowing the country district, M. François Mauriac, whose catholicism is however sometimes rather implacable, will tell us, it is from a capital sin that contemporary France is born : envy. The peasant votes, with his eyes closed to the left. He is certain not to make a mistake against those who go to mass and who wash their hands. He execrates everything characterised by ideas, by occupations and by custom." It would also be necessary to add, it is true, so as to be quite correct in these lines, that it is particularly in the south of France where the sweetness of living is greater that many common people have generally instinctively made a similar argument.

How is it then, in view of this rather unchangeable character of French traditions, that one can to-day speak of Revolutionary Paris ? To tell the truth, according to informed observers, a few years ago serious menaces hovered over French order. Since 1870, France had

preserved with great tenacity the memory of the grave defeats which she had sustained, and she foresaw that one day war would inevitably break out again with Germany. At the same time, the expansion of her colonisation, parallel, as was then the case with all the great Powers in Europe, with an unheard of development of her power of production, encouraged in this country a certain atmosphere which enabled the games of internal policy to become almost a sort of *extra de luxe* for the citizens. So that the renowned French ministerial instability only constituted a very secondary phenomenon, the underlying living strength of France remaining intact.

Now, since 1918, all these essential ideas of French life have been finally abolished. On the one hand, satisfied as regards her soil, having recovered Alsace-Lorraine and her Colonial domain still more extended, France has no longer been absorbed in international matters except for the sole concern for her security, seen somewhat in the same way as a peasant would fear for his well-being within a boundary continually contested by a recalcitrant neighbour. On the other hand, after a period of apparent prosperity, due to the obligation which France had to rebuild her ruined territories and to the world-wide inflation, the economic crisis which has raged strongly throughout the world since 1930 finally affected this country, perhaps the best balanced to stand the shock, but morally, however, much less ready to experience it. It is not by chance that God has lived for so long in France, according to the witty remark of the German writer Friedrich Sieburg.

Since the year 1932, we can therefore consider that the French political machine has finished with falling into confusion. In the field of international policy, it was round about that date that Germany began to cause France more and more serious uneasiness, which has become still more seriously increased at the very time when it seemed that Italy was likewise beginning to become a more and more important Power, not only

in the Mediterranean, but also on the world chess-board, a fact which, we stress it in passing, was of the greatest interest to the French, as the French Socialists who, out of hatred for Fascism, had always denied the new Mussolini star, were henceforth obliged to take it into consideration, as well as the French parties of the right who, until then, as far as they were concerned, had neglected Italy somewhat. If we add that it was at this time that Poland, the traditional ally of France in Eastern Europe, commenced to plan her rapprochement with Germany, which still persists, was not France bound to ask herself whether she should not some day speedily adopt a more conciliatory attitude as regards Soviet Russia than she had adopted since 1924, and whose success with the first five-year plan had, since then, turned out to be a good augury? Lastly, the indecision—or, at least, what the French called indecision—of Britain's policy, left them perplexed with regard to their relations with the Foreign Office; strongly bound, like them, to the institutions of the League of Nations, in France it seemed to be less conscious of the increasing imminence of the perils of the moment.

To settle these problems of foreign policy would now have been a very difficult matter, if the home policy had not come, into the bargain, to spoil things. Very inflated through the unexpected majority which they had obtained at the 1932 elections, in consequence of the previous mistakes of M. Tardieu, who created prosperity when the crisis was already upon us, the radicals, like their predecessor, were incapable of doing any really useful work. However, political passions in France became exasperated, and it was not one of the lesser results of these passions that the sympathy with which a certain number of the parties of the right, whose action had been heightened by that of the extra-parliamentary leagues which were constituted at that time, commenced to consider the Fascist and Hitler systems, for the apparent order which they had brought in Italy and Germany.

Thence, to look upon the U.S.S.R. with equal disfavour especially at the time when the developments of the crisis threatened to encourage Communism in France, was only one step further, which was quickly taken.....

It was then that the events of February 6, 1934, occurred.....

It is unnecessary to recall the circumstances which gave rise to the firing in the Place de la Concorde. Five Ministers overthrown in three months, a financial scandal, not very grave in itself but showing the corruption of certain parliamentarians, such were the causes which launched the attack on the Chamber of Deputies, an anonymous crowd where, behind the old fighters, behind the lines, one could distinguish men belonging to all the political confessions from the extreme right to the extreme left.

History will record later on what exact import must be given to that evening of February 6 and whether, like another July 14, it will stamp it as the beginning of a new era for France.

Be that as it may, between the events of 1789 and those of 1934, a certain parallel is manifest. The ex-President of the Republic, M. Gaston Doumergue, is recalled with all haste to Paris, with a mission to form a new cabinet to calm the public. Apparently he succeeded fully, as nine months afterwards the Flandin cabinet succeeded him normally, then the Laval cabinet succeeded the Flandin cabinet. But behind all this front, enabling the elections of April 26 and May 3 last to be gained, what was happening exactly ?

What was taking place was simply this, that M. Doumergue and his successors, desirous as they were of restoring order in France and encouraging in the French people, impatiently bearing the crisis, greater confidence in himself, found a remedy with all speed by the most classical methods. In order to combat the crisis—which they now no longer dreamt of denying—and at the same time reassuring the stock-holders and the innumerable

creditors of the State, retired persons, pensioners and ex-soldiers regarding the fate of the gold Franc, these various Governments devoted themselves one after the other in a double policy of deflation of public expenditure and lowering of retail selling prices accompanied at the same time by a rise in the prices of production. It is only fair to say that this was a gigantic effort, strengthened in the last place by the Decrees and Laws of M. Laval, but which resulted eventually in the more and more complete isolation of France in the domain of international economic exchanges and by a more and more marked anaemia of her industries and even of her agriculture. Having reduced the purchasing power of the town inhabitants, the three Governments in question did not succeed in increasing agricultural prices sufficiently to restore to the country populations an equivalent purchasing power—but sounder, because it was based on actual benefits—and which would have contributed to causing a further unanchoring of French industries. So that the more and more visible check on this policy, far from serving the cause of the Franc, did it, on the contrary, a disservice, and confidence fled with the Ministers of Finance in vain pursuit.

In the mind of the French people, this policy further accentuated their uneasiness. Failing to find in the right a truly organised conservative party with new men and new solutions, the young men, feeling the need for an authoritarian Government to remedy the evils of the present moment, joined *en masse* leagues, the most important of which, the *Croix de Feu* and the *Volontaires Nationaux*, directed by Colonel de la Rocque, finished up practically by absorbing all the others ; however, on the left, the three large parties, Radical, Socialist and Communist—the last two likewise swollen by the influx of a large number of young men whose aspirations are not very far removed from those of certain members of the leagues—formed themselves on July 14, 1935, into a Popular Front to oppose any attempts, real or fancied, of the leagues on the right described as Fascists.

It must also be noted that the divergencies of views dividing the French in matters of foreign policy contributed at the same time to dividing them into two hostile groups. On the one hand, on the right, the idea became clearer and clearer that the agreements signed by M. Laval with Italy could, to a certain extent, prepare the way for a rapprochement with the very same Germany, which his predecessor, M. Barthou, tragically assassinated in Marseilles at the same time as the King of Yugoslavia, had, however, strangely rejected by the famous note of April 17, 1934. And this idea made the same circles hostile to the signing of the Franco-Soviet pact, the U.S.S.R. being accused more and more of secretly supporting the French Communist party. On the other hand, on the left, the idea of collective security and indivisible peace continued to prevail with a growing strength..... Between these two poles, M. Laval had inevitably to waver, at the time of the recent Italian-Ethiopian conflict.

It was in these circumstances that, the last named Statesman having renounced power at the beginning of January, the Minister Sarraut having been charged with expediting current matters, the German *coup de force* on March 7 being struck meanwhile, the elections were held. As always in such a case, having grasped the importance of the external peril in the Rhineland, the French have voted quite calmly, simply contenting themselves, to express their discontent, with voting more to the left than they have ever done before, to such an extent that the Popular Front has obtained a large majority in the New Chamber and M. Léon Blum, leader of the opposition, has been put into power at one single stroke.

From the parliamentary point of view, the event is fairly normal and, in view of the division of France into two groups, it would be quite in accordance with logic to see, at some time or another in a representative assembly, the minority become, in its turn, the majority. But it must not be forgotten that this is the first time that Socialists in France have come into power,

nor that this has been made possible thanks to the previous formation of the Popular Front. In other words, the Socialist party has had to share power immediately with its Radical allies, whilst it remains under the discreet but certainly effective control of its Communist allies who have increased in number from 12 seats in the old Chamber to 72 in the new one.

Under these conditions what then will be the effective action of the new French Government? There is no doubt that the Government will, for a long time yet, be faced with considerable difficulties in consequence of the burden of succession which has fallen upon it and of the over-excitement of tempers in France. And with infinite insight M. Léon Blum recognised this at the recent Congress of his Socialist party, a few days before taking over power, when he stated that under the conditions in which he was called upon to govern the country, his Ministry could not be a Socialist Ministry strictly speaking entrusted with applying a Socialist programme, that is to say anti-capitalist, but that this Ministry would be a Ministry of the Popular Front, entrusted, within the framework of the existing institutions, with applying the minimum programme drawn up together by the three parties, Radical, Socialist and Communist jointly. This is a formula, moreover, which in the parliamentary sphere, must secure, under pain of treason, the support of the Government by the Radicals, to whom earnest entreaties by the right, since the elections, have naturally not been wanting.....

If there is no defection on the part of the Radicals, either in the Chamber or in the Senate, the Léon Blum Ministry seems then for the next few months to be secure. The success with which the grave labour troubles, which occurred on the formation of the Ministry, have been settled; the earnest activity of which it has given proof both in matters of home policy and also in foreign policy since the disorganisation of the opposition, which is for the moment more noisy than real, especially since the

dissolution of the leagues; the evident good-will of the new Ministers, all these are factors in their favour, without taking into account, as it is said in France to-day, the confidence shown to the Government by the "masses," that is to say, the whole of the workers and syndicates grouped under the all-powerful C.G.T.* of M. Jouhaux.

When will the flames blaze up again? To make a prediction it is necessary to wait until the social laws recently passed are fully effective. Without any doubt at all these laws risk gravely affecting the middle classes, whom M. Léon Blum has wanted at the same time to protect by defending the Franc. If he succeeds in this difficult part of his programme, the middle classes, finally carried away in the torrent of the re-found prosperity, will finish up by rallying to him, as they did formerly to the Radicals, and forgiving him for a temporary curtailment. If not, where will they go, to the right, or to new men who may still rise up, or to the Communists?

One last word to point out the attraction which the new nationalism—perhaps demagogic—of the Communists, by placing the tricolour flag by the side of the red flag, the *Marsellaise* by the side of the *Internationale*, and by claiming to put themselves in the true line of the equalitarian "Jacobins" of 1793, exercises on many French people. Attacking the "200 Families" who had monopolised patriotism for the benefit of the protection of their sole interests, the Communists of M. Thorez say that they want to work for the greatest benefit of the Nation itself. Admirers of what the U.S.S.R. have done, their slogan of a France "strong, free and happy" has produced a considerable effect, especially at a time when France feels that the German danger is still increasing.

All the last considerations mentioned above will be very greatly influenced by the development of early events in Europe.....

*General Confederation of Labour.

The Protection of the Civil Population against Aerial Warfare

By H. Montgomery Hyde

IN any war the position of the civilian non-combatants and the measures taken to protect them must be of prime concern to their Governments. The attention at present being paid to this aspect of warfare by the authorities in different European countries is not without significance. While there may exist a very profound and genuine hope that the Covenant of the League of Nations, supported by the various bi-lateral and multi-lateral agreements which go to make up the public law of Europe, as well as a strong body of international opinion, may be sufficiently powerful to prevent the outbreak of hostilities on a serious scale, there is at the same time copious evidence of a general feeling abroad that the possibility of war cannot be disregarded. Abyssinia has lately been the theatre of war; and, although Abyssinia is an open country with a relatively low density of population and possessing no great industrial centres, the principal source of danger to its territory and its inhabitants has been clear from the outset. So far particularly as the civilian population is concerned, that source of danger must be the same in all wars of the future. It is the air.

As will be seen, the menace is a very real one. A fleet of aircraft can be dispatched against an objective giving the enemy very little warning; it is capable of conveying and distributing large quantities of explosive, incendiary and gas-filled bombs over a given area; and having dealt out indiscriminate slaughter and destruction, the force is sufficiently mobile to be able to return quickly to its base, which may be several hundreds of miles distant. The safeguarding of the civilian community against attacks of this description should be a cardinal feature in the policy adopted by every Government in the preparation of its national defences, for it is obvious that in the event of warfare exposure to such attacks may well

lead to the complete undermining of the public morale. It is of course reasonable to assume that a belligerent nation will not deliberately aim at disabling or "liquidating" large numbers of the enemy's civilian non-combatants. In the light of the past, however, such forbearance will probably be dictated more by motives of political expediency than those of humanity. It will be far more profitable for the belligerent to concentrate on the destruction of its enemy's public utility services, railway termini, Government offices, munition factories, military barracks, Naval dockyards and arsenals, etc. Nevertheless, in the process of attack upon these objectives which are frequently situated in the midst of densely populated urban areas, it is inevitable that the civilians dwelling in the immediate neighbourhood will suffer in life and property. This risk may be substantially minimised by the measures of protection which it is proposed to outline here; and because these measures, to be effective, cannot be undertaken on the spur of the moment, but must be carefully prepared beforehand, it is thought worth while to give some indication of the various forms which they may take.

Among the dangers to be apprehended from the aerial bombardment of a densely populated area, is contamination by poison gases. The precautions which are contemplated must, therefore, be capable of meeting these dangers effectively. It may be remarked in passing, that the use of poison gas and bacteriological methods of attack have been prohibited by the Geneva Protocol of 1925, to which the principal nations of the world have subscribed. But there is no satisfactory guarantee that future belligerents will observe this obligation of international law, at any rate so far as gas is concerned. It would follow then that Great Britain, in common with the other leading Powers in Europe, should adopt measures for the defence of her civilian population against the ravages of chemical warfare. Such a prospect can hardly be described as pleasant, but it is better to face the

problems it presents without further delay, and in a cool and courageous spirit, than to wait and panic when the engines of the enemy's planes are humming overhead.

Opinions may vary as to the amount of gas and number of bombs which a hostile air force is capable of distributing over a given area, as well as to the extent of the damage which these weapons are capable of producing, and in some quarters there has been a tendency to exaggerate the potential terrors of the aerial bombardment of the future. These is no doubt, however, that the danger is terrible enough for the civilian population. The relatively few bombs dropped by the Germans during their air-raids upon this country in the last War when compared with the actual number of casualties should be sufficient to convince us that the risks are by no means negligible. The subject as a whole has already received considerable attention on the Continent, particularly in Germany and France. Air-raid rehearsals, regular "black-outs" of cities, first-aid centres and drills, structural alterations to private houses and public buildings have been introduced, and the civilian population has been well "schooled" to appreciate the danger. A regular literature on the subject has also been published. In this country by contrast few or none of these precautions have as yet been taken so far as we are aware, and practically no literature in English exists for reference and guidance. A gratifying and comforting sign has been the announcement by the Home Office of a series of "Air Raid Precaution Handbooks." Of those that have already appeared, the first deals in simple form with anti-gas precautions and the first-aid for air-raid casualties which the Red Cross, St. John's Ambulance and similar organisations should be able to administer in emergencies. The second deals with similar precautions for merchant shipping, and the third the organisation for dealing with buildings and roads damaged by air attack.

Before considering the measures of protection it is perhaps worth while mentioning the principal poison

gases, which are liable to be employed in an aerial bombardment, and their effects upon the unprotected civilian. The term "gas," it should be understood, is used to include any chemical substance, whether solid, liquid or vapour, which is capable of producing poisonous or irritant effects upon the human body. Gases may generally be divided into two classes—"persistent" and "non-persistent." The latter form into clouds and drift along with the wind, gradually becoming mixed with larger quantities of air and consequently less dangerous. Examples of the "non-persistent" type of gas are chlorine, phosgene, and various kinds of choking, nose and throat gas. "Persistent" gases, on the other hand, are usually liquids which evaporate slowly unless rendered ineffective by treatment. The effects of these gases will remain in the vicinity for a considerable period, for days and sometimes even for weeks. While equally deadly, therefore, the "persistent" types of gas are enormously more difficult to guard against than the "non-persistent." The two worst forms are probably mustard-gas and Lewisite. Both scorch the skin and raise painful blisters just as burns do, but while Lewisite acts more quickly than mustard-gas, unlike the other, it contains arsenic and so poisons the burns which it causes.

Ordinary clothing, and even the most efficient respirator afford no protection against the deadly effects of such gases as mustard gas and Lewisite, since they attack through the skin as well as through the respiratory organs. Full protection requires a complete outfit of respirator, oilskin jacket, oilskin trousers, oilskin hood, oilskin gloves and rubber gum boots to the knee. Even were it physically possible to provide every non-combatant in the country with such an elaborate outfit, probably not one in a hundred would be able to use it correctly, or keep it in good order. These is no question, therefore, of serving out this panoply on a vast scale, or even of supplying the civilian community, which would have to include children, with general service respirators. These

safeguards will in the main be reserved for those whose duty it is to assist non-combatants to places of safety from aerial gas attacks and to administer first-aid to casualties.

In the large cities public gas-proof and in certain cases, bomb-proof shelters should be constructed in sufficiently large numbers to afford adequate refuge for those who may be caught in the streets or other public places during an air-raid. In London many of these shelters will doubtless be connected with the Underground railway system. Factories, offices, and other public buildings should be similarly provided, and also private dwelling houses. In the case of existing houses it may not be practicable to render the majority proof against a direct hit, but there should be at least one gas-proof room in every private house, where the occupants may repair quickly and safely when the alarm is sounded. The precautions which it is necessary to follow in the domestic shelter have been briefly set out in the Home Office handbook already alluded to. The fireplace must be closed, doors and windows must fit tightly, all cracks and chinks must be plugged with newspaper pulp and water; and even the keyhole must be stopped up. An "air lock" must also be provided for the entrance, if the shelter is to be really serviceable. This space will permit of the removal of clothing and other objects which may have become contaminated by gas.

From published evidence before us it would appear that in several Continental countries a considerable advance has been made upon the hermetically sealed apartment contemplated in the first booklet published by the Home Office authorities. In Germany for example, the technique of the *Luftschutz* or means of protection against aerial attack, has become an intensive and detailed study, and the fullest publicity has been given to it. Existing buildings have to be adapted to the purpose by law; and besides being scientifically planned to withstand bombardment from the air, all new buildings are

equipped with thoroughly gas-proof shelters. Furthermore, artificial ventilation has been provided for in many instances, a subject not yet dealt with in the Home Office publication. Now this is really very important; the best situation for the shelter is afforded by the cellar (recommended alike by German authorities and the Home Office handbook), but since there is rarely enough cellar space to furnish the requisite number of cubic feet of air to sustain the occupants for the estimated duration of an air-raid, it would seem advisable in such cases to instal a ventilating apparatus if the inhabitants are to have any chance of surviving.

Sometimes shelters separate from the main structure are the best, if not the only solution to the problem of air-raid precaution. This may be so in the case of factories and in suburban and rural districts when the householder has the necessary space at his disposal for their erection. These should best be constructed in reinforced concrete, for it is the most economical material which can be produced to resist the destructive effects of bombs and other high explosives and does not deteriorate. Along the German frontier to the west it is well known that there is a regular network of underground fortifications of this material. Furthermore, in Germany the top storeys or attics of most buildings have been stripped bare of any furniture or other objects likely to facilitate the collapse of the structure in the event of a bomb striking it, while in many cases a reinforced concrete floor has been also installed.

The means whereby the civil population may be protected against the dangers of aerial warfare open up a most fruitful and at the same time necessary field of enquiry. The whole question of town and garden city planning is closely bound up with it, as well as the development of industrial sites in rural areas. The Home Office and various local Government bodies might well give the public a further lead, but perhaps before this can be done a more general knowledge of the whole subject than

exists at present in this country should be disseminated. One welcome move has already been made. Within the past two months a Civilian anti-Gas School, the first of its kind in this country, has been established. Each course lasts for a fortnight ; and the syllabus embraces all gases likely to be encountered in air attacks, technical measures of individual and collective protection, administrative and special measures of protection, and guidance in the organisation and counsel of local instruction classes. Special courses have been provided for the training of instructors who are primarily concerned with police and fire brigade duties and first-aid and rescue work.

So far, however, very little literature on the subject is available for the information of the public. It is to be hoped that a reliable work treating of the subject in its different aspects will soon be published in English, for although the means of protection must largely be in the hands of specially trained experts, the layman should be familiar with its main features and should realise that it is a vital concern of every man, woman and child in the country.

Hitler and the Third Reich—II

By Anthony Ludovici

IT is difficult to give an adequate impression of the enormous assistance afforded to the Fuehrer's various schemes of construction by the spirit he has contrived to stimulate in the German people.

In a country uninspired by his personal leadership many of his reforms, particularly those deriving from his biological revaluation and his wise attitude towards women, manual labour and agriculture, would undoubtedly have provoked the liveliest opposition. And if so many of his fundamental innovations have passed smoothly into the everyday life of the people to transform their sentiment and outlook, he has to thank the religious mood with which he first infected his nation.

Nowhere, however, has the change of point of view and life-habits been more conspicuously displayed than in the movement which led to the so-called "Labour" Camps, of which there are now 1,300 for men alone all over Germany.

Designed, on the cultural side, to reduce class cleavage, to whittle down the marked difference of esteem in which manual and mental work are held throughout Western civilization, and to promote health and manliness in all classes, these Labour Camps are, economically, one of the greatest assets of the new régime. For by providing the means of concentrating unpaid labour at all those points in the land where it is most needed, either in order to develop or reclaim existing wastes, or to help newly settled urbanites to make good as farmers, market-gardeners, fruit-growers, etc., it has given an impetus to agricultural development which, without it, would have been quite unrealisable.

It is not generally appreciated in England that the problems in the sphere of agriculture alone which the Fuehrer had to face, and which had actually been studied by him and his advisers before his Party came into power, were manifold and complicated.

The Treaty of Versailles deprived Germany of 9.5 per cent of her people and over 13 per cent of her area. Thus the ratio of population to territory was in any case less favourable than it had been before the war. Over and above this, however, the land lost on her eastern and western frontiers was of a very high grade, and therefore made the total decrease of her agricultural area more than it seemed, *i.e.* nearer 30 per cent than 13 per cent in actual value.

In addition, about one million of her nationals returned to the Reich from ceded territories, and, owing to the increasing use and perfection of labour-saving machinery, ever larger numbers of industrial workers were being turned out of work every year. So that, failing a wise and drastic policy calculated to improve the state of agriculture and provide fresh employment for the workless (numbering 6,000,000 before 1933), it seemed as if disaster must soon overtake the country.

Two things were clear—thousands of recently urbanized families must at all costs be restored to the land, and the arable areas of the Reich must be increased.

A "Back-to-the-land" movement was therefore immediately inaugurated on a grand scale, while under the slogan that Germany, if she chose, could conquer a whole new province for herself within her own borders, another movement was started to improve the quality and yield of existing agricultural areas, to reclaim millions of acres of existing marsh, heath, and moor-land in various parts of the country, and shoals and flats along the North Sea coast, to regulate the course of small rivers, to plant and grub, and to transform waste woodland into profitable forests.

In connexion with the first movement an administration, known as the *Reichstelle für die Auswahl deutscher Bauernsiedler*, was soon set up for selecting desirable people for settlement in rural districts as farmers, farm-labourers and peasants, which, working on the lines of the new biological revaluation, granted permits, land and

sometimes credits, only to the best people from the standpoint of descent, health and capacity.

Thus favour is invariably shown to :—

(*a*) Men who in their family line and blood have long had some close relationship to the soil and been lately separated from it—for instance, farmers who have been recently uprooted or lost their farms through no fault of their own.

(*b*) Men who have large families. (Only men over 25 and married are considered.)

(*c*) Men who served in the late war, or who are known to have served in the S.A. (Hitler's *Sturmableitung*) or the S.S. (the biological cream of the S.A.).

(*d*) Men who have served in the *Reichswehr* (the post-war German army).

(*e*) Finally, rural labourers whom adverse conditions have driven from the soil.

I have not the statistics for 1935 at hand ; but in 1934, the Office for Selecting German Settlers on the Land received 15,948 applications of which 11,094 were accepted and provided for ; and since the inauguration of the movement (not reckoning 1935) 67,000 new farmsteads have been established, covering about 1,827,800 acres. Altogether, up to the end of 1934, about 2,964,000 acres had been secured for settlement purposes.

The Government reckons that it takes about five years for these newly settled farmers and peasants to make good, and during their first years of endeavour, every kind of assistance is given them provided they display the right spirit and energy.

Now in the work of reclaiming the soil for the reception of these new agricultural workers, and in the task of helping them to make good, the Reich Labour Service finds its principal functions; and, apart from the cultural advantages the camps secure for the whole male population, as described above, it is in these principal functions that they constitute one of the greatest assets of the new régime.

Briefly stated, the conditions of the service are these :—

Every young German must enter the Labour Service between the end of his seventeenth and the end of his twenty-fifth year; he is enrolled only after a thorough physical examination, and has to serve for six months, after which his year's military service begins.

Life in the camps is divided between manual labour with spade and hoe, in which all must take part, strenuous drilling exercises, and periods of leisure given to reading and the study of contemporary events and problems. The day starts at 5 a.m. in the summer and 6 a.m. in the winter, and ends at 10 p.m.—the time after supper (7 p.m.) and short intervals during the day being devoted to rest and leisurely pursuits.

Each camp consists of 152 men, and there are at present about 1,300 camps for men in Germany. Thus, year in year out, the country can command the work of 200,000 young men whose labour is to all intents and purposes unpaid. Actually they do receive about 3*d.* a day in pocket money.

A similar organisation exists for German girls. But, so far, the service has not been made compulsory. Nevertheless, such is the impersonal spirit prevailing in Germany to-day, that on the present voluntary basis, these Reich Labour Service girls have come forward in sufficient numbers from all classes of society to form 500 camps, which, like those of the men, provide unpaid labour devoted to assisting the newly settled peasants and farmers all over the land.

As to what these men's Labour Camps have done, let it suffice to say that, out of an area of 15,437 square miles (about half the size of Portugal) of swamp land, half has already been reclaimed for agricultural purposes; hundreds of thousands of acres of waste land and waste woodland, of no use to the peasants, have already been transformed into profitable forests; and drainage and irrigation, now being carried out, is expected to double the value of more than 46,312 square miles of existing agricultural land of poor quality.

It is, in fact, reckoned that the net annual proceeds derived from the work done by the Labour Service organisation have already exceeded 10 per cent. of the cost of the organisation. But the full value of what they are now creating in the form of new agricultural areas, new farmsteads and a new peasant population, will, of course, not be realized for perhaps a generation or two.

I visited several of these men's camps in the Haveländische Luch and questioned men whom I saw at work. As I had been led to expect, there were among them representatives of every class of the community, and they all appeared to be enjoying their labours and flourishing under the discipline of the camps. They were young enough to relish the hard work and the rough life as an adventure, and they all looked healthy enough to thrive under Spartan conditions.

Their camp officers who, without exception, attracted attention by their unusually fine physique and manly bearing, are men specially picked from the standpoint of psycho-physical standards. They do not separate from their men at meals or during the hours of leisure, as Army and Navy officers do, but have to live every moment of their waking hours with them, setting them an example of good manners, correct speech, and a cultured outlook.

In the women's camps the girls are subjected to much the same camp discipline, but their work is, of course, different. They may, if called upon, help the newly settled farmers and peasants in light work in the fields, but their principal function is to give the rural families help in the home as unpaid domestic servants, dairymaids, nursemaids, etc. In this way, the newly settled farmers who are trying to make good, are substantially assisted at no cost to themselves, and are often able to have the more skilled work of their wives in the fields, while the voluntary Reich-Service workers look after the home and the children, and do the cooking, mending and washing.

Valuable by-products of both the girls' and the men's

Labour Camps are, of course, the excellent discipline that all these young people have to undergo at a period in their lives when discipline is most salutary, the breaking down of class barriers by the mixing of the various social strata in the camps, and the benefit to all concerned derived from the closer acquaintance made by the children of middle and upper-class families with manual labour, its hardships, its advantages, and its immense importance in the economy of the nation.

" Work ennobles ! " (*Arbeit adelt !*)—that is the device of this branch of the National Service. And, thanks to the right spirit and the right values, and in spite of a world that has too long worshipped only money and the successful stockbroker and financier, it somehow comes true ! It can already be seen in the faces and manners of the people, and it is evidenced in every relationship of high and humble in the life of modern Germany.

Meanwhile, promoting and consolidating the " Back-to-the-land " and " Reich-Labour-Service " movements, laws have been passed which make it difficult, particularly for young rural women, to swell the throng of country folk who annually try to migrate to the large towns ; and a very important series of laws—not based on abstract principles or theory, but rooted in peasant custom—which came into force in September, 1933, and are known as the *Reichserbhofrecht* (the Law relating to the Inheritance of Landed Property) now provide for the hard-working and capable peasant a security in his holding, which no usurious or other kinds of creditors can defeat (Paragraphs 37-39 of above law). The test appears to be not whether the creditor has a lien on the land, but (*a*) whether the present debtor has defaulted through any fault of his own, and (*b*) whether the peasant debtor is a capable, knowledgeable and diligent farmer and has shown that he can keep his land in a proper state. The general idea inspiring the whole measure is that land cannot and should not be treated as moveable property, to be bought and sold in the open market.

It is impossible in the space at my disposal to describe in detail what this law has done to secure the peasant landowner in his holding, to regulate the inheritance of land so as to keep it in the hands of worthy families, and generally to enhance the prestige of conscientious and painstaking husbandry ; but anyone who wishes to study the law in detail can do so in the excellent handbook on the subject by Otto Baumecker (*Handbuch des Gesamten Reichserbhofrechts*) the third edition of which was published in Cologne in 1935.

In Memoriam : G.K.C

GOD rest the great Defendant, who fought the poor man's fight ;
Whose weapon was his laughter, the kind laughter of a knight !
Who fed the fire of fancy with fuel of common things,
And heard the mighty beating of the archangelic wings.

The primal marks of England, he saw them disappear,
And called upon all Englishmen—but could not make them hear !
He bade them toil as freemen and not as social slaves,
Guarding their human dignity to consecrate their graves.

He bade them return again to psalter and to plough;
To drink their beer, to sing their songs, to pray their prayers.....and now
He sees from native altars the heaven-borne incense rise,
And quaffs (we trust) good English ale in inns of Paradise!

K. C. B.

Foreign Affairs

By Sir Charles Petrie

THE meeting of the League Assembly was discreditable to all concerned, and an international gathering has rarely presented so pitiful a spectacle. It was, indeed, a fit setting for the committing of suicide and the cocking of snooks. Mr. Eden, having subsisted for some time on a diet of his own words, appeared to have found it a little tasteless, so put in some spice in the shape of a tribute to the Abyssinians. He had been criticized by the Liberal and Socialist Press for not doing this in his speech in the House of Commons, so he hastened to make amends, and thus demonstrated how deferential His Majesty's Ministers are to public opinion—on the Left. The only purpose served was to undo the good that had been done by the decision to drop Sanctions.

The appearance of the ex-Emperor of Abyssinia was deplorable. It may well be that there are Abyssinians in arms against Italy, but Haile Selassie has no claim to speak for them, nor do they wish him to do so. He ran away to save his skin, not from the advancing enemy, but from his own subjects, and he abandoned his capital to pillage. On what grounds he was allowed to speak at Geneva is not clear. Nor is his position in this country any less obscure. He is supposed to be incognito, but he had done his best to court every sort of publicity, and if it be true that he has sent one of his generals back to Abyssinia, then the Prime Minister's promise that he would abstain from all political activity has been broken. It is high time that his status was defined.

Genevan Paradoxes

FARCE is never far away at Geneva, and it marked the proceedings of the latest meeting of the Assembly. Among the states which held up their hands in horror at the idea of recognizing any annexation made by force were Spain, that republic of gunmen, and Argentina, which never made any attempt to apply

Sanctions, and which, but for the force used by San Martin, would still be a Spanish colony. Nothing is more ridiculous than this attempt to establish a *terminus a quo* for the abolition of the use of force. By what right do those who have established their own dominion by force now declare that henceforth this method of aggrandizement is forbidden ? It is hypocrisy of this type that is setting the ordinary man against the League and all its works.

Then there was the spectacle of South Africa protesting against the abolition of Sanctions—South Africa, which subsidizes Italian shipping to the detriment of British, and which has been making money out of the war in Abyssinia by selling its scrub-cattle to the Italians. Instead of exposing these shams, however, the statesmen of the Great Powers devoted their energies to finding a formula which should satisfy every pacifist crank and at the same time not be too unpalatable to Signor Mussolini. In the circumstances it is impossible not to sympathize with the feelings of Dr. Greiser, however much his method of expressing them may be deplored.

A Divided Empire

ONE aspect of the South African attitude seems to have escaped the notice of the British Press, and it is that as a result the representatives of the Empire were not unanimous. It may be that this has been the case before in minor matters, but it is surely the first time that it had happened where a major issue is concerned, and it is extremely ominous. That such a state of affairs should be possible is due to the Statute of Westminster, for which, like the condition of our armaments, all parties are equally responsible. Whether the time has come to modify the Statute is another matter, but in the meantime the line taken by South Africa with regard to Sanctions is a warning to the Government not to enter into commitments which may lead to a war in which the Dominions might refuse to participate.

One of the chief weaknesses of the Empire to-day is the uncertainty as to the line it will take as a unit. A few years ago the Prime Minister of a European Power said to me, " The difficulty of dealing with your country is that one never knows where the rest of your Empire stands. The signature of the French Foreign Minister is binding on all the territory of France, at home and overseas; but the British Foreign Secretary cannot commit the Dominions." That is perfectly true, and it is a truth that must be faced by those who greet every advance of the centrifugal forces as a step forward. Where are the dual monarchies of Sweden-Norway and Austria-Hungary ?

The Austro-German Pact

FAR too much has been made of the Austro-German agreement. It means nothing more than that, owing to the existence of urgent problems elsewhere, Signor Mussolini has put the restoration of the Habsburgs, and Herr Hitler the *Anschluss*, on ice for a time. After all, we have had a similar situation before, when the two dictators met in Venice two years ago, and the improvement in Italo-German relations proved to be a mere flash in the pan. There is no reason to suppose that the position is fundamentally different to-day. Only the blunders of British diplomacy can effect a real understanding between Berlin and Rome.

What the agreement does prove is that the initiative in international politics has passed completely out of the hands of Great Britain and France, who are now reduced to the part of a Greek chorus. It is satisfactory to have Austria removed, if only for a space, from the list of danger-spots, but the method of removal reflects no credit on either London or Paris. If existing tendencies are continued, we shall get out of our League commitments in Central Europe, by being pushed, with the League, out of Europe altogether as we have already been pushed, for all practical purposes, out of the Far East. There

was a time when the electorate would have called to account a Government that allowed such things, but not, apparently, to-day.

The Danger of Drift

THE most disconcerting aspect of the international situation is the way in which it is being allowed to deteriorate. No one wants war, but as Stratford Canning wrote in not dissimilar circumstances on the eve of the struggle in the Crimea, " the extreme desire for peace, if care be not taken, may bring on the danger of war." France is in a panic, and is pursuing with the aid of Russia a forcible-feeble policy of encircling Germany. The British Government from time to time inclines towards this combination, and then sheers off to play the part of dishonest broker between Paris and Berlin. The latter *rôle* is futile, and the former is dangerous: to alternate between the two is ignominious.

The same is the case in the Mediterranean, where Downing Street vacillates between the isolation of, and co-operation with, Italy. If the object of Ministers is to throw Italy and Germany into one another's arms, and to create a Fascist *bloc* from Pomerania to Sicily they are taking the right steps to achieve this result. It should never be forgotten in Whitehall that at the time of the South African War only our omnipotent Navy saved the British Empire from dismemberment by a coalition of European Powers: to-day we have no such Navy, and there is the danger from the air. Furthermore, the attitude of moral superiority which British statesmen now assume has irritated the rest of the world to a far greater extent than is generally supposed, and the international atmosphere is definitely hostile to this country.

British Foreign Policy

RECENT events have conclusively proved that it is useless to expect a revival of British prestige unless there is a change not only of policy but of outlook. Ministers are trying to follow public opinion,

not to lead it, and the result is a confusion without parallel in our recent history. The Chancellor of the Exchequer at the 1900 Club Dinner very properly denounced the proposals of the League of Nations Union as " midsummer madness," yet several of his colleagues remain members of that organization, and are apparently unmoved by its opposition to the official candidate at the Derby bye-election. No campaign is being conducted to counteract the pacifist propaganda which, after sixteen years of defeatist teaching, cannot be taken too seriously.

Even those who are alive to the necessity for action too often think of the next war as if we were going to fight Louis XIV. One wonders how many English towns have air-raid shelters, and how many of our fellow-countrymen have gas-masks. Those who maintain that these things have nothing to do with foreign policy deceive themselves. The basis of prestige abroad is ability to defend ourselves, and a determination to make our wishes respected: both these are lacking to-day. It is becoming increasingly doubtful if we can pull our full weight without recourse to compulsory military training, but the nation will, quite rightly, never tolerate that unless it is assured that its manhood will not be called upon to fight in any save a British quarrel. The government of a state is not an affair of water-tight compartments, and policy must be viewed as a whole.

The Straits

WHATEVER may be the outcome of the discussions at Montreux relative to the remilitarization of the Straits, it is plain that Russia is aiming at an arrangement which will allow her warships access at all times to the Mediterranean, while denying to others the right of entry into the Black Sea. In effect we are now back in the middle of last century when Russia was seeking to obtain control of Turkey, with the difference that France is now doing all she can to further

this aim. To what extent this policy commends itself to Angora is beside the point, and whether Turkey is the willing or unwilling instrument of Moscow matters little.

The French naturally wish to facilitate in every way the passage of their Russian allies through the Straits, but in the last resort the arrival of Russian help would depend on Italy and England. The realization of this was one of the most important factors in determining Paris and Moscow to placate Rome by the lifting of Sanctions. To sink Russian warships and transports in the Aegean would be little more than gunnery practice for the Italians, and if the French wished to interfere they would be compelled to withdraw so many ships from the Channel as to expose their Atlantic coast to German attack. Therefore, any British move calculated to bring Italy and Germany together in a new Locarno will be strenuously resisted in Paris and Moscow. The water in the Bosphorus and Dardenelles is very deep.

Advance of Fascism

THE line of division between domestic and foreign policy is very narrow in these latter days, and the double victory of Fascist Italy over Abyssinia and the League has heartened the Fascist parties in every country. This was undoubtedly one of the contributory causes of the success of the Belgian Rexists, under M. Degrelle, and it would be foolish to ignore the possibility of this young leader coming into power in the near future. Dissatisfaction with the Parliamentary System has been growing in Belgium for some years, and the appearance of the Rexists was not due to any passing whim of the electorate, but to the same reasons that have given rise to similar movements elsewhere. As the name implies, it is by no means hostile to the monarchy, but wishes to strengthen the position of the Crown.

On the other hand, the chaos in France and the stagnation in Britain have given a further stimulus to the anti-Parliamentary parties all over the world. No

institution is taken for granted in this fourth decade of the twentieth century, but each is judged by its ability to deliver the goods. Such being the case the comparison between Rome and Berlin on the one side, and Paris and London on the other, is hardly likely to tip the scale in favour of political democracy. If the democrats want to hold their ground, either at home or abroad, against the dictators they must show themselves to be as successful and as efficient, and of this there is little sign: hence the continued swing towards Fascism.

The Case of Spain

TOO little attention is being paid to the course of events in Spain, and yet the lesson of that country's troubles is of universal application. Because the ordinary Spanish Conservatives refused to believe that the worst could possibly happen the monarchy was allowed to fall in 1931, and the Left proceeded to revolutionize Spain. The inevitable reaction placed Señor Gil Robles and his Moderates in a dominating position, which they at once proceeded to throw away. Then the pendulum swung to the Left again, until to-day the only issue is Fascism *versus* Communism, and it is being decided, not decorously in the Cortes, but bloodily in the streets. It is the story of Italy and Germany over again. Conservatism compromises on its principles, flirts with the Left, and is swept away in the ensuing deluge.

To-day Señor Gil Robles is a leader without followers, and the hopes of the Right are centred on the Fascist under Don José Primo de Rivera, son of the dead dictator. They are certainly not receiving fair treatment at the hands of the British Press, always prone to weep over the deaths of revolutionaries and to gloat over those of their opponents. Disorder has become so chronic in Spain that nothing but the most drastic methods will suffice to suppress it. Yet the situation may not prove to be so bad as it looks, and six months' strong government would

work wonders. Unhappily, owing to the incompetence and foolish optimism of the Moderates there will have to be a good deal of bloodshed before that happens.

The brutal murder of Señor Calvo Sotelo proves that the Government has not the power, even if it possesses the will, to keep order, and the arrest of so many members of the Right immediately after that event shows a willingness to profit by the crime that almost argues complicity. It should not be forgotten that at any moment Great Britain may become involved in Spanish anarchy, for if an attempt is made upon Portugal we are by treaty bound to send troops to the latter's assistance. With the Left in control in Madrid, and monarchist sentiment gaining ground among the Portuguese every day, such a clash is by no mean impossible. It is at least a tenable proposition that chaos is indivisible.

Theatre Notes

NIGHT MUST FALL. *Cambridge Theatre.*

IT semse that Mr. Emlyn Williams' play, *Night must Fall*, will be, like the poor, and incidentally the rich, always with us.

It is not an easy task to follow in Mr. Williams' footsteps, but Esmond Knight does so with such assurance that one is as stirred and terrified as when the author himself played the part of Dan. Esmond Knight bears a resemblance to his predecessor not only in his appearance, but also in his ability to grip his audience throughout the evening.

Ethel Griffies as the doomed old lady who rules her household both by her money and her tongue, and Vivienne Bennett as her unhappy but helpless niece, give fine performances, though the former errs perhaps on the stentorian side, and the latter on the subdued.

As the cook, Winifred Oughton makes the most of an almost foolproof part, and speaks her lines—many of which are extremely funny—with great verve.

The rest of the company gives an intelligent performance of Mr. Byam Shaw's excellent production of this still excellent play.

May the day be very distant when Night must fall for the last time.

V. G.

Notes from a Garden Seat

By C. H. Middleton

MY garden seat is a pleasant place on a June evening. It would be even more so but for the midges which seem to find something very interesting round the top of my head. Fortunately I had a box of cigars given me recently, and they render me midge-proof as long as I smoke them. However, there are limits to smoking cigars for this purpose, or rather I should say limits to my friend's generosity.

In spite of these minor annoyances I find much to interest me as I look along the flower border. There is a marked difference in my garden between June and May. In May many of the flowers are rather outshone by the magnificance of the flowering trees; the crabs and the cherries, the laburnums and the thorns, capture the attention at once, and make the border flowers less conspicuous. In June the riot of colour has departed from above and the trees are dressed in restful green, giving the lesser actors in Nature's pageant a chance to show themselves to advantage. I think it was one of the charms of the Victorian green garden with its bays and lilacs and perhaps rhododendrons, but for the rest, grass and winding gravel paths with the few flowers sparsely shown off. However, it is a pity that most of the lovely flowering trees and shrubs do their turn in the spring, we could do with a few of them later in the summer. True, there are a few belated revellers about my garden; a lime tree that glorifies the evening air, but that appeals to the nose rather than the eye. The other day I packed a shallow bowl tight with the flowers of a lime tree, as one does violets, and the scent in the room was overpowering. A large bush of *Buddlea globosa* is a worthy June performer; there is something very attractive about its sprays of orange-coloured balls. A distant relative, namely *Buddlea alternæfolia*, also makes a pretty picture, its long scented sprays of lavender-coloured flowers are very welcome at midsummer. Later,

that other member of the family, *Buddlea variabilis*, in its many forms will step into the breach. I like its purplish blue tassels, not merely because it is a late arrival, but because the subtle sweetness of the flowers has such an attraction for butterflies of every shape and form. I had an ancient relative once who only just missed the century, and during the declining years one of her greatest joys was to sit near the buddlea bush watching the tortoiseshells and other butterflies flying about among the flowers.

But I am anticipating. The blue buddleas are not out yet, but the philadelphus is; there is one near me at the moment and the air is full of its delicious fruity perfume. The name of this one is *Philadelphus Lemoinei*, and I have two others, *Lemoinei grandiflora* and *Magdalene*. They were chosen for their scent. Some of the "mock oranges," although perhaps superior in form and beauty, are too acid or lemony for my liking. Mine have a sweet and subtle perfume; one reminds me of ripe gooseberries and the others of the old-fashioned "pear-drop" sweets we used to buy as children.

* * *

The crowning glory of the garden is, of course, the rose. Now I have for years prided myself on my rose culture; I am credited with much wisdom on this subject and certain misguided people come to me for advice. They would do far better to go to a neighbour of mine who knows nothing about them and gets better roses than I do. I prune mine in the orthodox manner and at the proper season, and feed them with a well-balanced ration. He neither prunes nor feeds, but his roses are really marvellous. And what's more it is an even contest, because we are both on the same bed of soil, a good loam but not quite as clayey as it might be for roses. I watch and spray, and pick and dust, and get every pest and disease known to roses. He does nothing at all, and is troubled with neither mildew nor black spot. Eight years ago I helped him to plant a dozen rambling roses

round a large rustic arbour and duly instructed him in their future management. I learn since that they have never known either knife or syringe and now the arbour is completely thatched with a dense tangled mass, two feet thick, literally covered with thousands of roses, the colours gloriously mixed in riotous profusion. I would give anything for the like of it. My climbers, in spite of (or perhaps because of) "correct" pruning and other treatment, provide but an indifferent show by comparison. I am beginning to wonder whether, in our wisdom, we do not meddle with them far too much. Of course, I know the inevitable results of neglect, but when I point out to my neighbour that he could not prune his ramblers properly now if he wanted to, he merely replies that he doesn't want to; and when I explain, with regard to his bush roses, that without pruning he cannot maintain a dwarf or shapely bush or a tidy bed, he says he doesn't want either, he wants roses, and he certainly gets them. I suppose it seems like rank heresy, but I have a few climbing roses which produce abundant growth every year, but precious few flowers, and I am inclined to leave them alone for a season or two and see what happens. I am old enough now to start learning. There are lots of ways nowadays in which we are too scientific.

* * *

To return to the border; conspicuous in mine at the moment are a few odd groups of geraniums, scarlet and salmon, and very nice they look with a foil of soft greenery behind them. After all, what is wrong with the geranium? It seems to be a much despised flower nowadays, especially in highbrow circles; it is dubbed "Victorian," out-of-date, common and so on. Is it not rather the fact that gardeners, themselves, have misused it, and planted it so extravagantly that people have grown tired of it? I believe nothing damages the reputation of a flower more than to overplant it or give it a "boom" period. Take the iris as an example. Ten years or so ago it was the fashionable flower. Almost everyone was talking and

planting irises, and turning other things out of the garden to make room for more and more of the latest varieties. But it could not last ; the iris has only a brief flowering period, and for most of the year the beds are barren and unlovely, with the flowers but a memory. Unfortunately, the memory of a flower, however fine, is not sufficiently satisfying. The inevitable result was that irises soon began to lose favour ; many of their erstwhile fans found themselves overstocked, and began to weary of them and look for something different. They have been giving away their irises ever since. It is not the fault of the irises, but of over-enthusiasm on the part of their admirers. Had they given them a proper share of the garden they would be as popular as ever.

So with the geranium. Plaster the garden from end to end with them and they soon begin to irritate, especially when they are bedded out with due formality and not on some suitable and pompous parterre, but in a raised flower-bed reminisenct of municipal seaside gardens. Now a few groups in well-chosen spots among the other flowers can strike a very cheerful note. Say what you will about the geranium (or pelargonium if you must have it correct), we have yet a long way to go to find another flower which gives such a constant supply of brilliant colour for so little care and attention.

* * *

A group of *Meconopsis Baileyi* stands out brightly blue in the twilight, but it does not give me that delightful pure azure that I see in many other gardens. Surely this is one of the loveliest flowers ever introduced into our gardens. I wish it did not so frequently prove one of the most disappointing. There is only one corner in my garden where it will grow at all and there it flourishes and flowers abundantly, but alas, its flowers are always tinged with purplish-mauve. For me the mauve robs them of half their glory. I have the same feeling about the delphiniums and it all brings me back to what I wrote last month about blue flowers. I suppose to see

Meconopsis Baileyi as it should be seen, I must continue my pilgrimages to Wisley, where it remains as gloriously blue as the sky above it.

* * *

I am one of the unfortunates, I haven't got any water in my garden—at least, nothing natural, just an artificial pool. However, I know that at this time of the year many people find it difficult to keep garden water clean. Wherever it is exposed to the sun, that beastly flannel weed comes up and becomes a dirty, almost yellow, film on the surface. A friend of mine has been very worried every summer with his pond. He said it took as long to get the weed off as to cut the lawns. I advised him to dissolve a little copper sulphate, but he said he couldn't as the village drank the water further down the valley. Well, he has got over all his troubles with the help of four pinioned duck. I did suggest a pair of swans, but he was afraid the water was not large enough and thought they might beach themselves or something. It is surprising what the wild duck and now their young have done. The other evening I sat for hours watching them gobble up the weed and dive again for more, and then in the moonlight thrash the water with their wings making it sparkle like a sheet of tinsel. I am only sorry that the duck have killed the mallow and the forget-me-nots that were such a sight last year. However, a sheet of clear water compensates us for a lot of things.

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The Girl at Jimbolia

By Princess Marthe Bibesco

Translated by Hamish Miles

A SLIM shadow of a girl, black in winter and a white phantom in summer. She is accompanied by a bulky shadow which is always the same—the girl of Jimbolia and her mother. She would move up and down the platform of that little station with the aloofness of a swan gliding amongst ducks. Nothing but a few porters, some underpaid little officials, two or three pedlars, an aged gendarme. Nobody seemed to pay any heed to her, and she certainly paid heed to nobody. When it was time for the train to leave she would stand quite still, facing it, and bow her head just once, very low.

* * *

Jimbolia is one of those small towns which has reverted to its maiden name since the divorce of Europe and the Hapsburgs. Hungarian until 1919, it is now virtually a frontier town between Rumania and Jugoslavia. It is coloured as Rumanian on the map, but its *hinterland* is completely Serbian; its gardens and fields, a stone's throw away, are in another country. The customs office, however, is at a neighbouring town, still smaller, which bears on the map the more cheerful name of Kikinda. Until the Armistice these were places devoid of significance, and apparently without a future, until a decision of the Supreme Council made them lie alongside one of those iron rivers which changed their courses after the Deluge; a great international express passes through them.

The decision to link up Bucharest and Paris with a line traversing only Allied territories, and that daily, dates from before the signing of the treaties. The first international train to follow that route was a military one. It ran at the time when the Council was still sitting. Its course, suggested to the General Staff cartographers by the necessities of the time, was called, and is still called, the Fortieth Parallel. When the French army,

camped on the banks of the Danube, occupied these former Magyar territories, if an officer wished to take the train for Paris, it was at Jimbolia that he caught it.

I don't suppose that the men who traced the route on their maps gave a thought to its beauty. But there the Fortieth Parallel excels. That train touches the Danube at the Iron Gate, and the Adriatic at Trieste, dropping for a moment on the gardens of Miramar. It pushes far into the lagoon, and even touches Venice, as one touches one's love in sleep.....It passes Verona, like a balcony (O the larks, O the nightingale !), and runs across the rich plains of Lombardy. It goes through Milan, runs a long way beside Lake Maggiore, glancing at those islands which are like caskets of perfume to the mind—Isola Madre, Isola Bella, the Borromean Isles.

And at last to Paris, after crossing the Alps of Hannibal and Napoleon, which have been pierced expressly for it as if they were just pearls. And so the train is called the Simplon. It should really be called the Tantalus, for its peculiarity is that one is always wanting to get off, so lovely are the places and the names that it passes.

I must admit that the ugliest and dullest and dreariest part of the journey is precisely the neighbourhood of Jimbolia, not excluding the small but ugly Kikinda. The country is flat. That would not be distasteful to me personally, for I am a lover of the deserts. But it is dominated by an indefinably bastard style, in the building of its houses and the planning of its fields, something neither here nor there, neither western nor eastern, neither Slav nor Latin, neither Tartar nor Magyar nor Rumanian nor Serbian, but just a hideous mixture of the pretentiousness of some and the poverty of others. As a regular traveller on this line, going from my country-house to my town-house, I pass through the station at Jimbolia several times a year, and I have never felt any desire to stop there—not even after I began to take an interest in that young girl who was its one and only adornment.

I like riddles, before rather than after—when they aren't yet guessed. The first time I noticed from the window of my compartment that figure darting to and fro with the regularity of a pendulum, I felt no desire to know her history. Nor the second time, nor the third. The train stops at that unimportant station for quite a long time, for attention to the engine. Jimbolia is an uncovered station, generally rather dirty at the times of year when I go through, in late autumn and early spring. Sometimes I pass it in summer, and then the dust is choking. Never have I felt the slightest wish to linger there, so much do I dislike that low Danubian plain, so devoid of character, touched by the blight of so many invasions.

I first noticed the girl because she seemed always to be alone in that sprawling crowd of indeterminate officials, engineers, postal and railway employees, crossing the platform at all angles towards their offices or engines, whilst she always moved straight up and down alongside the train, gazing intently at the carriage windows, covered with rain or frost or smuts according to the season, peering anxiously as if looking for someone. Whether she wore black or white, she was always dressed with the particular modesty of a middle-class girl. The respectable presence of her mother beside her made it plain that there was nothing suspect in her parade ; it looked as if she might be taking a collection for something, although she displayed neither purpose nor purse, along this train which she accosted with her gaze. The peculiar thing was that she came as near as possible to the coaches, even brushing against them as she walked. When the train quivered and gave that sort of human sigh which precedes a departure, she stepped back a few paces, turned to face it as a soldier might, and gave her deep, slow bow.

* * *

Winter comes sudden and sharp in those parts. I happened to come through Jimbolia early in December,

in an intense cold, when the windows were coated with snow shot up by the wind like a waterspout, snow that seemed to come furiously from the earth rather than from the sky. But despite the frightful weather, that girl was at the station. Her nose was red with the cold, and she paced up and down the platform stamping her feet and slapping her sides to keep warm. Her frosty hair was almost totally hidden under a black woollen hat pulled right down to her eyes. The wind was almost sweeping her away. But still she turned her frozen, stiffened face to the train windows, which were lit up for flight in that whitened, premature darkness.

"She's mad," said a train attendant one day when he noticed that I was watching her. And he began to laugh.

"Do you know her story?" I asked.

"Of course I do! When the army was quartered round here she was in love with an officer. And he went away telling her that he'd come back for her. She's been waiting ever since....."

That conductor was a Frenchman who had served with the army in the Near East, under Franchet d'Espérey.

Every journey heightened my expectancy. In the end I was on the look-out for Jimbolia, and asked to be warned ten minutes before we were due there so as to be sure of being able to watch the poor creature. Although her mother kept as close as her shadow to her during that determined parade, the two women never spoke. And so fascinated was I by the face of the younger one, that I could not have described the other's appearance.

The Simplon express is a queer train. In China it would be given a soul; it has all the attributes of a genie, of a blue dragon that changes its skin with the seasons; in the Middle Ages it would have been taken for a devourer of young maidens; in Greece, for a minotaur. Its timetable is not fixed, as that of other trains. It leaves Bucharest sometimes at seven in the evening and sometimes at six in the morning—which

is not at all the same thing for hapless travellers like myself who live in the country and have to rise before dawn. Jimbolia is reached, either in daytime in mid-winter, or at night in midsummer. The truth is that the Simplon is afraid of the Danubian plain, where snows bury it or floods drown it.

So I have seen the crazed girl pacing along that train at nearly every hour of day and night, in all weathers, in every light, the light of gas and stars, moon and sun. In the end we came to recognize each other. One day I smiled to her, and she smiled back. Another day I raised my hand to her, and she raised hers ; then she took to greeting me first, with a shy nod, not at all with the solemn salutation that she gave the train. I never travel without flowers (for a reason which I should find it difficult to explain). It is the only sure way I have ever found, moving from one home-sickness to another, of reviving at my journey's end the atmosphere of the place I have left behind. It is not with flowers bought or given me at the station that I perform my magical feat, but with flowers that have lived with me for some time, in the room that I have just left. It is a habit evolved to remedy the heart-burnings caused by too frequent travelling. And one day, while the train was standing at Jimbolia, I thought I saw the girl admiring my flowers at the carriage window. I called the attendant and gave him a white carnation to hand to her. She accepted it eagerly, and with gestures that seemed at once deprecatory and delighted. Then she resumed her mechanical parade, carrying the flower in front of her as if bearing a candle in a procession.

* * *

The train attendants pointed her out to one another and laughed. The old hands showed her to the new ones —there she was, the madwoman.

The time came when I found myself wondering with a sort of anxiety whether, in such a downpour of rain, I should see her—and I did see her ; wondering whether she

would still be there—and she was there. Once the capricious timetable of the Simplon brought me to Jimbolia at midnight, and I was asleep. And next morning, dreading the ribaldries of the attendants about her, I did not dare to ask whether the girl had been seen again. I got into the habit of sending her a flower whenever I saw her ; a rose, an iris, a chrysanthemum, or a narcissus, as the season yielded. I took care that the flower should be white, for I could see that she was in mourning.

She was not at all pretty, in the ordinary sense. She had that impersonal air, that appearance of a nun in ordinary clothes which one often sees in well-brought-up young ladies in the provincial towns of any country. I said that her nose was red in winter ; it was pointed and prominent in all seasons. Her other features were quite regular, but angular, as also her elbows, her hips, her whole person. But her whole bearing, her narrow shoulders and long neck, had something genuinely distinguished, and nobody could have suspected the mad girl of being anything but a wise virgin. Even after her mother, her inevitable shadow through all those years, had disappeared from her side, I don't think that any of the passengers would have put a bad interpretation on her determined hunt up and down the coaches.

And now she was coming alone, by night and by day, to salute the passing train. And still, in her swanlike uniform, all black or all white, she spoke to nobody. And still in that squalid little station, thronged with petty officials and poor folk, she had that look of a woman spellbound, floating between earth and sky.

* * *

For ten years the Fortieth Parallel had been in existence, and for ten years I had known the madwoman. When I was leaving home once, there were rumours that the line was threatened by floods near Kikinda. I hesitated to start. But friends on the spot reassured me, and one of them had telephoned to the frontier for me. Danger seemed averted. The train was leaving at the usual hour.

If difficulties arose, however, the head of the local police had been advised by telephone to place himself at my disposal.

We were due at Jimbolia about three in the morning. I was sound asleep, and it was broad daylight when the attendant's voice roused me. The head of the police was asking for me. It was eight o'clock, and we had been in the station since four without my being aware of it. The line was flooded for a distance of a mile, and our halt would probably last until eight o'clock at night. The police chief had come to offer me his phaeton for a drive in the neighbourhood. He asked me to suggest my hour.

" And what is there to see hereabouts ? " I asked.

" The castle of Count Tzeconitz," he answered, as one might say " Chambord, of course ! "

Well, I thought, the castle will do : the drive is the thing.

The main street of Jimbolia was lit by the fine sunshine that comes the day after a storm in May, as I drove down sitting beside my policeman, in his eighteen-eightyish phaeton drawn by a pair of old hacks, which he drove in a dashing style, his elbows thrust outwards as if his horses were Russian trotters and a real handful to manage. But he was a working fellow, characteristic of the Bucharest suburbs, stout, self-sufficient and glib, and with a certain subtlety which southerners seldom lack. He described in advance the glories of the castle we were to visit. In his enthusiasm he spoke of it, for some obscure reason, as a " mystic castle," with that fondness for strange epithets and that lamentable inappropriateness of terms which are characteristic of people in his station who want to rise in the hierarchy of language. Soon after the war, he explained, this castle had been abandoned by its owner, a Hungarian magnate who had opted for Hungary. His magnificent hot-houses were in ruins, and splendid orangeries were for sale. Perhaps I might like to buy them ? The Serbs had confiscated the Count's land which overlapped their boundaries, bordering the terrace

of the castle, in consequence of the war declared by Austro-Hungary. But what was the good ? The Count had gone for ever.....And with a philosophic shrug he whipped up his nags, who had taken advantage of our conversation to drop into an amble. We resumed our lively trot.

" Look," he said, pointing his whip towards a plate at the corner of a cross-street, " the road we are on now used to be called the Tzeconitz Boulevard, but now it's called the Independence Boulevard. This was the way the Count used to go from the station to his castle."

Small country houses bordered the roadway, behind a double row of chestnut trees.

" Those were planted by the present Count's father. That white house over there on the right—the big one—is the house of the doctor who used to attend the old Count. He died soon after the war, and his daughter inherited the house."

Suddenly it occurred to me to question him :

" Do you know anything about that poor mad girl who comes down to salute the train, every time it passes Jimbolia ? "

" Oh, you've heard that story ? " he said. " But she isn't mad at all. That house I showed you was her father's, and she lives alone there now that her mother is dead. People say she is mad because she is proud. She won't talk to anyone..... " He flicked his horses and added complacently : " But she talks to *me !* When I say ' good-morning ' to her, she says ' good-morning ' too. But not to anyone else. She behaves as if they didn't exist. The truth is that she was in love with the Count. She's annoyed with everything since he went away, that's what it is."

When we reached the mystic castle, my first fears were fulfilled. I saw a broken-down building dating from the eighteen-sixties or seventies, in the style of a Hungarian translation of Walter Scott : machicolations, turrets, battlements—all complete. The ogive windows

of a deserted chapel were decorated with hideous stained-glass lozenges. The famous orange-trees were lying alongside their rotted wooden boxes, their roots in the air. There were just two. The ground was being ploughed up along the level of the terrace, with its line of cast-iron vases. The ploughs of Serbian peasants had obliterated the lawn—no great matter, if it could be judged by the rest. Nevertheless, such as it was, this sorry castle must once have stood for pride and splendour, for Versailles and Schönbrunn, in the eyes of this little country town, for at least three generations. The Count's chapel, if the story were true, must have been for the doctor's daughter the veritable habitation of the Lord, the unrealizable hope of a day when she would kneel there in bridal veil beside its master. But Count Tzeconitz had gone for ever, and left his mystic castle to the mice and spiders.

On my way back to the train in the policeman's droll equipage, I had a look at the white house where the recluse lived. Heavy lace-curtains screened the windows from prying eyes. One black hen was pecking at something in the courtyard. Along the former Tzeconitz Boulevard the setting sun was lengthening the shadows of the chestnuts planted by the old Count.

I walked towards my carriage. The platform was deserted. There was still an hour before the train would leave. When I reached my compartment I found my French maid, Billochon, who shared my interest in the girl.

"Well, I know her story now," I said.

"So do I," she answered. "The guard told me. It seems that she was in love with an attendant on the sleeping-cars, and that's who she is looking for when the train goes through."

This new version was the last I was to hear. It was probably as untrue as both the others.

A few minutes before the train left, when the officials, the hawkers, the postman and the porters arrived, the white figure appeared. She began her ritual walk. We

greeted one another from afar. This time I had no flowers to give her. The heat of the day had withered them. When the train heaved its long human sigh and began to move, she turned towards it, as she always did, dropped her arms straight down her sides, and bowed profoundly.

* * *

As I have taken to making that journey by air, I no longer know what happens at the station of Jimbolia.

"One should love people like things and things like people," my grandmother used to say. It pleases me to fancy that the girl was quite simply in love with that blue train. Both she and it are already things of the past.

The Three Choirs Festival

By R. A. Symonds (Secretary to the Festival)

IN Hereford Cathedral on September 6 a great Service will be held with a Choir of nearly 300 voices accompanied by the London Symphony Orchestra. This Service, the nature of which can nowhere else be found, marks the opening of the 216th meeting of the Choirs of the three Cathedral Cities of Hereford, Worcester and Gloucester.

The Three Choirs Festival is a very ancient institution, for the first of these "Music Meetings," as they have been called, took place in 1715 when the Choirs of the three Cathedrals met for rehearsals of glees and madrigals. In 1722 the Meetings were organized and placed on a permanent basis to provide a fund for the benefit of distressed widows and orphans of clergy of the three dioceses. Since 1722 the Festivals have grown and developed until to-day we find this magnificent Choir of picked amateur voices, with just a leavening of Choristers and Lay clerks from the three Cathedral Choirs, accompanied by one of the finest Orchestras in the world.

While, as I have indicated, the music in the earlier Festivals was perhaps of a comparatively limited range, such imputation cannot be cast on those who organize the programmes of to-day. This year, for instance, the programme includes Bach's B Minor Mass, Elgar's Apostles, Dream of Gerontius and Violin Concerto. Handel is represented by an abridged version of The Messiah which, while omitting some of the less interesting passages, includes most of the finest numbers of the work. The selection has been made by Mr. H. C. Colles, who has divided it into four scenes entitled "The Birth," "The Passion," "The Gospel," and "The Faith." Included among the various numbers are several which are seldom, if ever, heard to-day, and this shortened version of The Messiah has enabled the Music Committee to arrange for a selection from another now seldom-heard Handel oratorio, namely Judas Maccabaeus.

Until recent years it was a custom like unto the laws of the Medes and Persians that the Festival should open on the Tuesday morning with Mendelssohn's Elijah and close with Handel's Messiah. This year at Hereford Elijah is being omitted, and Mendelssohn's Hymn of Praise is the only Work by him. Instead of the Old Testament in the person of the Prophet Elijah, the New Testament opens the Festival in Elgar's Apostles.

But it must not be imagined that only successful and well-proven music makes up the programme. There are new works by such well known British composers as Doctor Dyson, W. K. Stanton and Charles Wood, while Doctor Vaughan Williams has written a new one especially for this Festival, namely Two Hymn Preludes for Orchestra, which will receive its first performance in the afternoon of September 8.

After the Opening Service on Sunday afternoon, the whole of Monday is given up to final rehearsals, and the Festival itself starts at 11.30 a.m. on Tuesday, September 8. There is another performance in the Cathedral on Tuesday evening, and on Wednesday morning Bach's B Minor Mass will be given. On Wednesday afternoon we have, after the conclusion of the Mass, an entirely Orchestral item, namely Brahms' Symphony in C Minor (No. 1).

Wednesday evening is devoted to an Orchestral Concert held in The Kemble Theatre, when we see the names of such well known British artistes as Lionel Tertis, Elsie Suddaby, Myra Hess and Trefor Jones. Thursday morning gives us Stanford's Stabat Mater, followed by Elgar's Violin Concerto with Albert Sammons as the soloist. On Thursday evening, we shall hear Elgar's Dream of Gerontius, while Friday is largely given up to Handel's two works, and the delightful Sinfonia Concertante for Violin, Viola and Orchestra by Mozart. Friday evening is devoted to a lighter Chamber Concert held in the Shirehall.

Any music lover, who has never spent at holiday in the West of England, or who has never attended a meeting of The Three Choirs, will not be disappointed if, this year, he decides to do both and attends part, if not the whole, of the Festival in Hereford.

Literary Supplement

CASTLEREAGH. THE POLITICAL LIFE OF ROBERT, SECOND MARQUESS OF LONDONDERRY. By SIR J. A. R. MARRIOTT. *Methuen.* 15*s.*

IT is only during the past thirty years that the merits of Castlereagh's formerly much disparaged policy have begun to appear. He has now come into his own, and from being villified as a blundering politician and stupid reactionary his reputation for constructive statesmanship has never stood higher. This remarkable revulsion of feeling is largely due to the researches of historians, who have concentrated on certain phases of his careeer. Sir John Marriott in his book is, however, the first to review critically the statesman's life as a whole. With the exception of the State Papers at the India Office (which have not been previously explored in this connection) Sir John has only consulted printed authorities. But he has made excellent use of the material at his disposal and has produced a first-rate political biography of a man who has been unfairly maligned in the past and of whose achievements the public deserves to know more.

The author has described Castlereagh's achievements with considerable skill, and has set them against the appropriate political and historical background with which he is so thoroughly familiar.

Sir John Marriott is careful to call his book a "political life." I should nevertheless wish that he had told us something of his subject's private life. Enough has already been published in the shape of letters and diaries to show how devoted a husband and what a truly lovable friend Castlereagh was. If a second edition is demanded, I hope that Sir John will include quotations from some of these. There are, too, a few other small alterations which might be made when the time comes. It is hardly correct, for instance, to describe the Congress of Vienna as being entirely "uninterrupted" by the Hundred Days (p. 271), nor did Castlereagh's handwriting become illegible in the last two months of his life. I notice also that the titles "Marquess" and "Marquis" are apparently used interchangeably.

But these suggested emendations are small in a work of sterling quality. Sir John Marriott has done much to justify the public career of a great international figure. Students of the period, as well as more general readers, should be grateful to him for this critical and appreciative biography.

H. MONTGOMERY HYDE.

LORD INCHCAPE. By HECTOR BOLITHO. *John Murray* 15*s.*

RUGGED middle-class Scotsmen who push their way with determination, but without much self-revelation, to great wealth in the

worlds of shipping and finance do not strike the ordinary reader as attractive material for biography. But Mr. Hector Bolitho has succeeded in writing an attractive book.

Mr. Bolitho is best known for his biography of the Prince Consort. In *Lord Inchcape* he has a subject no less significant, if less apparently so. The power wielded by financiers today is no less than the power of Courts. Mr. Bolitho has given us a convincing portrait of the sort of personality that acquires this power and the uses to which it is put.

Mr. Bolitho's book is successful within the limitations necessarily imposed upon it. It is fashionable now to write biographies very soon after the demise of the subject. The custom has a good deal to recommend it, but less with some classes of subject than others. Judges, lawyers, artists and writers are subjects whose biographies may legitimately and satisfactorily be written early. With politicians this is less true, with financiers even less again. The details of their negotiations, the extent of their ramifications and the significance of the power it has given them, are not generally apparent until after a lapse of time, and not even always then.

This suggests a second limitation which is applicable to modern biography as a whole. Mr. Bolitho recognises this and discusses it in his preface: "The pieces of information have been comparatively few in spite of the thousands of impersonal documents which Lord Inchcape left behind him. Lord Inchcape used the telephone, over which his most important conversations were lost; he kept no diaries and he travelled from place to place so readily that letter-writing was made less necessary to him as transit was quickened. The absence of vital documents in Lord Inchcape's archives suggests a great problem for biographers of the future. When they wish to write the Lives of the leaders of today, they will find comparatively little material from which to weave their stories, because of the dearth of letters and diaries and the loss of important conversations over the telephone wires. In another place he says: "When I began to write the biography of Lord Inchcape I found frightening gaps in his records—gaps which I could not fill and which are unfortunately apparent in this biography." Mr. Bolitho has been very honest with us in thus taking us into his confidence.

Within the limitations indicated above, Mr. Bolitho, as one would expect from him, has done full justice to his subject. His introduction, too, from which quotation has just been made, is the best concise statement that I have seen of the potential difficulties of modern biography, and all interested in the art or technique of biography should not fail to read it. DEREK WALKER-SMITH.

THE SOCIAL SERVICES. By H. HARDY WICKWAR. *Cobden-Sanderson.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

THE sepulchre known as " the social services " is well " whited " in this survey.

The change in politics from the fostering of good, through the fostering of all, to the fostering of evil, may, however, be traced in it by a reader who knows that man once cultivated his type and that weeds and weaklings were once treated in a farmer's way.

" We still wash our faces : but we expect the state to make sure we have the wherewithal."

So, occasionally, the author hints that England is being made fit for imbeciles to live in. He questions the details but not the principle of our communist education.

On mental deficiency he is strangely silent, for in this service the characteristics of the others are most pronounced. The population of our public mental institutions is increasing at a steady rate of about 2,000 a year, and at a cost of some £12,000,000 a year.

The author asks : " Have the Social Services Helped ? " Helped what ? This is a book to be read, but to be read with caution.

HENRY SNELL.

A HISTORY OF IRELAND. By EDMUND CURTIS. *Methuen.* 12*s.* 6*d.*
THE BIRTH OF ULSTER. By CYRIL FALLS. *Methuen.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Of these two books Professor Curtis's is the more formidable in substance, as well as in the ground which it covers. A practised writer with the tools of the expert at his command, Professor Curtis has succeeded in tracing the course of Irish history from earliest times to the present day within the compass of a volume of some 400 pages. He writes in a straightforward and concise style, carefully weighing the evidence before him and displaying an impartiality and lack of prejudice which one cannot but regard as admirable. As an acknowledged authority on mediaeval Ireland, it is perhaps only natural to expect him to devote (as he does) about half his book to this period. Personally, I should prefer to have been told a little more about the Penal Laws and the Home Rule Movement in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries and a little less about the ancient Irish chiefs, and Gaelic independence.

While traversing such a large field, however, Professor Curtis must be congratulated on producing a book of astonishing accuracy. The reader may not be in agreement with all his conclusions, but there are very few misstatements of fact in the text to which he can point. Here is one of them. On p. 328 occurs the statement that in 1789 " Mr. Stewart became Marquis of Londonderry." Now, Mr. Stewart was only created a baron in that year and did not

attain the higher step in the peerage till over a quarter of a century later. I was also rather surprised to see (at p. 62) that John de Courcy's conquest of Ulster was undertaken entirely on his own initiative. De Courcy was sent to Ireland by Henry II to assist in subduing the country, and for his Ulster venture there is evidence to show that at least he had the Viceroy's permission. Again, in his account of the Penal Laws I think Porfessor Curtis might have mentioned the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes as a reason for their adoption.

Nevertheless, such slight blemishes as these do not appreciably mar Professor Curtis's book which, I venture to think, is the most accurate and comprehensive work of its kind which has appeared since the days of Lecky.

Captain Falls, on the other hand, confines himself to a much smaller field than Professor Curtis, and he tells his story in rather more vivid language, if not quite so accurately. It is the story of the wars of Queen Elizabeth's reign and the subsequent "plantation" of the North with English and Scottish settlers by James I. To this he adds a brief account of Ulster's later history down to the establishment of her Parliament in 1921. Like much of Irish history it is a dreary tale, but Captain Falls, with the aid of State papers and a large number of secondary authorities, puts as much life into it as possible. He writes pleasantly and easily, but his style suffers from certain imperfections which a more careful revision of the text might have avoided. Why, for example, is Queen Elizabeth described as "amorous" and the Irish Parliament as "venial"? Then, again, Pitt's efforts to promote free trade between the two countries was rejected, not by Ireland (as Captain Falls states) but by the unrepresentative body of legislators in College Green, quite another consideration.

I notice also the statement on the wrapper that taxation in Ulster is identical with that in Great Britain. This is untrue. Taxation is higher in Ulster, as anyone (for instance) who proposes to drive or own a motor vehicle in that province will quickly find out.

Ulster folk, in particular, will find it to their advantage to read this book. Some of them may be shocked to know what unprincipled adventurers many of their ancestors were.

H. MONTGOMERY HYDE.

THE AMERICAN IDEAL. By ARTHUR BRYANT. *Longmans Green & Co.* 10*s.* 6*d. net.*

WE are at present witnessing a Democratic President of the United States being attacked by Republicans for not adhering to the Democratic policy to protect State rights from encroaching

powers of the Centre. The President might urge that if he has flouted State rights he has acted within the spirit and intentions of Jefferson, from whom the Democratic party takes its tradition. To use Mr. Bryant's remark concerning Theodore Roosevelt, he might say that he is advocating " Hamiltonian measures to serve Jeffersonian principles " ; and that the objection of Republicans is not due so much to his measures as to the fact that he has rather heavily touched their pockets. But the rivalries of political ideas and interests are not peculiar to America ; and one may wonder whether, even in England, there still exists some unchanging motive leading to an ultimately superior attainment. With regard to America, Mr. Bryant is content to think that there is. He terms it " The American Ideal " and also " The American Dream," and it is based on the Declaration of Independence and in particular upon Jefferson's assertion " that all men are created equal."

Mr. Bryant sees this motive in the policies of her statesmen and the uplift of her poets, and he seems to sum it up in the word " Democracy." He uses this word frequently and with apparently different meanings, but he defines it in one passage, where he speaks of " the right of the common people to govern themselves according to their own standards of justice."

It may be that Jefferson and others appreciated this need, and certainly Jefferson was not visualising a society controlled by finance, and he opposed Hamilton to prevent it from coming. And fallacies about equality were in the air and common to all. Nevertheless, wisdom has told us that inequality is a law of life and that those societies which permanently deny this truth cannot progress, but must die. Therefore, it is questionable whether the best attainments of America have really been due to the American Dream at all. One certainly cannot assume that unselective immigration has produced the best results, any more than it has with us. In any case, the Whig method of approaching America never gives due importance to some of her best elements.

Mr. Bryant says that " Jefferson outlined those liberal principles of Empire which a century and a half later were to animate the British Commonwealth of Nations." It happens that the insinuations in this assertion are a denial of what we mean by the British Empire. But the American Civil War was fought to establish principles opposite to those of the Statute of Westminster : whose consequences have yet to be seen.

Mr. Bryant is, as one would expect, entertaining. He has, however, produced an interpretation which numbers of intelligent

Americans would neither accept or regard as a compliment. Nor would a more real picture be necessarily less pleasant or hopeful.

CHARLES CHALLEN.

THE POEMS OF BEN JONSON. Oxford. Printed at the Shakespeare Head Press, St. Aldates and Published for the Press by *Basil Blackwell*. 31*s*. 6*d*.

MR. NEWDIGATE, having taken it upon himself to edit an edition of the Poems of Ben Jonson, has now presented us with a very handsome volume which includes some material never previously included in any collection of his works.

The Editor has included a section in this volume under the title of "Driftwood," going for the metaphor to the source from which Jonson himself drew the titles of his "Forrest," the "Underwood" and the "Timber." He admits that the authenticity of a few of the poems included here is doubtful, but under this heading is to be found the Visions of Ben Jonson on the Muses of his Friend Mr. Drayton, and for the purposes of this review, we may well use the lines therein :

This booke! it is a Catechisme to fight,
and will be bought of every Lord and Knight
that can but reade . . . .

Ben Jonson was a man who could express himself in many moods and perhaps there is something rather too subjective in a few of the poems when one would least expect it. From a "Panegyre on the Happie Entrance of James, Our Soveraigne to his first High Session of Parliament in 1603," and several formal poems on the Birth of Royal Children, one comes upon a poem full of vigour but purely subjective called "The Good Wife's Ale." Well may he have been called the Rugged Old Bard, and how the early Puritans must have detested him when in this mood!

Of great interest is the question of authorship of the four Elegies appearing in this volume under the heading of Underwood.

To make the Doubt cleare that no Woman's true
Was it my fate to prove it full in you?

This, the Editor acknowledges, has already appeared in the edition of Donne's poems printed in 1633. Professor Herford believes that not only this elegie, but also the other three: "'Tis true, I'm broke!" "That Lives a bitter Sweet" and "Since you must go and I must bid farewell" are all Donne's and not Jonson's, since all are unmistakably by the same hand. Mr. Newdigate does not seem inclined lightly to agree with Professor Herford and has included these four elegies, but without seeming in any way to be dogmatic as to their authorship.

Most of Jonson's Lyrical Poetry is to be found in the Plays and in the Masques, and a selection has been culled from both these fields and included in this volume as "Anthology." Ben Jonson, himself, was perhaps most fond of his "Epigrammes" and a very complete collection is found here under this heading. Further, in the section entitled "Underwood" are found some of Jonson's most Elizabethan and most noble epigrammes:

Cecill, the grave, the wise, the great, the good,
What is there more that can ennoble blood?

Would it be possible in one short piece of English Poetry to find a finer description of what constitutes true aristocracy?

This edition is a limited one and includes three plates.

P.E.B.

THIS MODERN POETRY. By BABETTE DEUTSCH. *Faber.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
SELECTED POEMS. By EDITH SITWELL. *Duckworth.* 8*s.* 6*d.*
THORNS OF THUNDER. PAUL ELWARD. *Stanley Nott.* 5*s.*
SELECTIONS FROM THE POEMS OF DOROTHY WELLESLEY. *Macmillan.* 5*s.*
COLLECTED POEMS. By AUSTIN CLARKE. *Allen & Unwin.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
THIRTY-ONE POEMS FROM THE SPENSER SOCIETY OF CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY. *Heffer & Sons.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

THERE is nothing either of outstanding or entirely negligible quality among the five books of verse and one of prose under review here. We all know our Edith Sitwell, though perhaps in these days her fame derives more nourishment from her opponents than from her disciples. There was a time when "The Sitwells" stood for everything most up-to-date and outrageous to reactionary opinion. Today they no longer occupy that exciting position. The literary Blimps whose blood-pressure rose at the mention of Bucolic Comedies have passed from the literary stage. Newer —not *necessarily* brighter—stars have arisen, some of whom do not find Miss Sitwell very inspiring. Miss Sitwell is read now by those who appreciate her merits and enjoy her writings for their own sake, and not because they are the *latest thing*. To these persons Messrs. Faber's well got up volume of her Selected Poems should be welcome, not least because of the author's prefatory essay entitled Some Notes on My Own Poetry, wherein she explains her poetic aims and technique. But why, one is tempted to ask, should a writer whose reputation justifies the publication of a volume like this complain that its contents are among "the most misunderstood poems of our time"? Publishers do not reprint the works of misunderstood writers. Can it be that Miss Sitwell would like to be more misunderstood than she is?

The passing of Edith Sitwell's fashion value is reflected in the comparatively small space devoted to her in Babette Deutsch's

conspectus of contemporary English and American writers of verse.

Miss Deutsch has got her subject up very thoroughly—quite up to the alpha plus standard, and her success in Schools would probably be assisted by her chariness in formulating judgments of any kind. (She would not have invoked the rebuke said to have been administered by an Oxford tutor in English Literature: "Mr. ——, it appears to me that you actually like some writers better than others.") Moreover, when Miss Deutsch does commit herself to an opinion it does not always command a ready assent, as for example (comparing Anden with Spender). "If Spender's poetry expresses a less vivid personality, it seems to tap deeper levels of feeling, so that where Anden is rousing and provocative, his friend stirs a stronger emotion."

That is certainly not the language of a *critic*: it contains far too many woolly and emotional assumptions as to the nature and function of poetry. But, of course, Miss Deutsch does not really set herself to be a critic in any precise sense of the word in this book. What she has produced (and presumably aimed at producing) is a "helpful" sort of guide book for the less informed type of literary tourist. As such it is commendable, if rather full of anthology quotations, e.g. "a moment's monument" and (of Edith Sitwell): "one who on honey dew had fed and drank the milk of Pardise."

Mr. W. B. Yeats has written an introduction to Dorothy Wellesley's book, compiled at his persuasion. For a reviewer to add to or qualify commendation from a poet of Mr. Yeats' stature and reputation would not be of much assistance to the public, who would rightly have little hesitation in deciding which opinion to rely upon. Of one of the poems in this selection, *Matrix*, he says that it is "perhaps the most moving philosophic poem of our time." It should perhaps be added that Lady Dorothy Wellesley's poems are not, superficially, at any rate, difficult to understand: she exhibits no eccentricities of syntax or vocabulary.

Paul Eluard is in this last respect totally unlike Dorothy Wellesley. *Thorns of Thunder*—a selection of translations from the French of the poems of this noted surrealist by various hands—is by no means easy reading. Here is an attractive example of his easier manner, the title of which is "Paul Klee":

Upon the fatal slope the traveller profits
By the day's goodwill, sleet and no pebbles
And the blue eyes of love, discovers his season
That wears a ring of big stars on every finger.

The sea has left its ears upon the beach
And the ridged sand the scene of a perfect crime.
The hanging is harder on the hangman than the victims.
The knives are signs and the bullets tears.

Mr. Austin Clarke is a Celtic romantic, possessed of considerable fluency.

The *Thirty-one Poems from the Cambridge Spenser Society* are sponsored by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, who hopes that these verses prelude a return to the kind of poetry he prefers.

GILBERT ARMITAGE.

EYELESS IN GAZA. By ALDOUS HUXLEY. *Chatto & Windus.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

MR. HUXLEY is very *worried* about Life. He seems to be engaged in a desperate search for values—philosophical, ethical, political, personal; for something to provide life with a purpose; something objectively "worth while"; in a word, for a way out from the nihilism born of scientific determinism. It is not an uncommon state of mind today. It is responsible for the attractiveness of salvationist politics, among other things, to the present generation. In fact, one might say that an intense will to believe was the most characteristic symptom of what is sometimes called the modern *malaise*. Mr. Huxley then, is in this respect a typical representative of his time. Where he differs, of course, from the majority of his contemporaries, is in his greater critical capacity and his more extensive knowledge, which makes his problem far harder to solve, since he is far too intelligent to be able to cheat himself, and so fall comfortably for any of the cruder revivalisms. The protagonist in his latest novel finally plumps for Non-Violence.

It would be inappropriate in discussing a novel that was primarily a work of art to begin by indicating the ideas expressed in it. In such a work the ideas are only important relatively to the story or drama. But with *Eyeless in Gaza* this is not so. There the ideas are in fact the gist and essence of the book, while the lives and persons depicted in it are little more than illustrations or mouthpieces.

Mr. Huxley's novels, of course, have always been full of talk and disquisitions on things in general, but there is a great difference between *Eyeless in Gaza* and his earlier books, such as *Chrome Yellow* and *Antic Hay*. The rather brilliant undergraduate fun that delighted many of us in the "gay twenties" has been very sternly left behind. Mr. Huxley has moved only too sedulously with the times. There isn't a laugh in all the 620 pages of his

latest book. Instead, we have in full measure the devastatingly "progressive," earnest solemnity which is the literary hall-mark of the post-depression era.

Yes, though it is a sad thought, the admission must yet be made: Mr. Huxley, as revealed by *Eyeless in Gaza*, has developed into a bit of a bore. The learning, the culture, the intelligence, the observation, the talent for writing are still there, but the Huxley we knew appears to have succumbed to a fatal attack of excessive fair-mindedness. Indeed, at times, one feels as if he did not really exist at all. And the result is, inevitably, that his book, with all its qualities never comes to life as a work of art.

GILBERT ARMITAGE.

MR. LOVEDAY'S LITTLE OUTING AND OTHER SAD STORIES. By EVELYN WAUGH. *Chapman Hall 7s. 6d.*

THIS volume comprises the first collection of Mr. Waugh's short stories. To what extent they are reprints from magazines I do not know, as I am not a great reader of magazines. But as I recognise one of the stories, myself, as having previously appeared in *Nash's*, I dare say that a reader more versed in the current fiction of our magazines would detect many more. It would, perhaps, be as well if Messrs. Chapman & Hall would indicate which stories are reprints, as it is annoying to have read two or three pages of a story and then realise that you know how it is going to end because you have read it before. It is perhaps ungrateful to start a review of a volume which has given me so much pleasure with what sounds like a complaint. I hasten to say it is the only grouse I have.

I expect to derive great pleasure from any work of Mr. Waugh's and in this volume I was not disappointed. Out of eleven stories which the book comprises, there is only one: "Out of Depth," which falls below the highest standard. The rest have the conciseness, the unexpectedness and the feeling of rapidly increasing anticipation which are the hall-marks of good short story writing. They also have those qualities which are particularly Mr. Waugh's —great wit with a strong element of the macabre and an insight which is so vivid as to be almost brutal.

The opening words of the first story in the book: "Mr. Loveday's Little Outing," could not have been written by anybody else: "'You will not find your father greatly changed,' remarked Lady Moping, as the car turned into the gates of the County Asylum.

"'Will he be wearing a uniform' asked Angela.

"'No, dear, of course not. He is receiving the very best attention.'"

Or again this description of a girl:

"During the last seven years she had done everything which it is customary for girls of her sort to do. In London she had danced on an average four evenings a week, for the first three years at private houses, for the last four at restaurants and night-clubs; in the country she had been slightly patronising to the neighbours and had taken parties to the hunt ball which she hoped would shock them; she had worked in a slum and a hat shop, had published a novel, been bridesmaid eleven times and god-mother once."

One of the effects of reading Mr. Waugh is that one wonders that anybody ever has the face or the will to continue doing anything.

In another place in this REVIEW Mr. Waugh can be read in more serious vein. But whether in that or in fiction he exhibits the same great capacity for annihilating sentimentalism and looseness of thought. It follows that reading Mr. Waugh not only gives one great pleasure, but is very good for the mind. This is very gratifying, and the chance should not be missed.

DEREK WALKER-SMITH.

THEIR WAYS DIVIDE. By DENNIS KINCAID. *Chatto & Windus.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
ALL STAR CAST. By NAOMI ROYDE SMITH. *Macmillan.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
DUKE STREET. By MICHAEL CAMPBELL. *Methuen.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
CHINESE PUZZLE. By RUMER GODDEN. *Davies.* 6*s.*

I SUPPOSE the reason why so few novels worth reading are written about modern India is simply that modern novelists don't happen to go there. All the more reason, therefore, to be thankful for Mr. Kincaid. He knows the place; he knows the people; he is intelligent and sensitive and he writes very well indeed.

The difficulty of writing about the English in India is that they have been so often and so thoroughly caricatured that it is almost impossible to avoid presenting them as familiar humours, whose appearance evokes the same variety of ready-made laughter which polite people use to greet a well-worn joke, rather than as living characters. In his previous works Mr. Kincaid has been noticeably more successful with his Indians than with his English. His new book, which is told and constructed with considerably more skill than any of its predecessors, centres round the lives of Edward Holme, I.C.S., and Neru, son of a high-caste Brahmin. They meet as children and separate for the intervening years of education, until Edward returns to India to start his job. Neru becomes pathetically devoted to him. Edward is attracted, but

also rather irritated. He goes home on leave, and comes back with a wife. Neru joins a terrorist organisation and ends by shooting Edward and himself. The body of the book is taken up with the varied aspects of Neru's life—with his old-fashioned family, staying with rich Europeanised friends in Bombay, dallying, before his final dive into terrorism with nationalist politics. Mr. Kincaid exhibits a fascinating gallery of Indian characters, towards all of whom he is agreeably sympathetic without sacrificing his sense of humour. I grew more interested in *Their Ways Divide* than in any work I have read for some time; when I had finished it I felt I really knew something about modern India.

All Star Cast is a play seen through the eyes of a young, inexperienced and ingenuous dramatic critic. I didn't think as highly of the play—in which a more or less accidental murderess allows a neurotic, hunted footman-jewel-thief, to sacrifice himself for her—as he did, but I found both play and the book which it sits in extremely easy to read.

Duke Street is an interesting, competent, proletarian novel of life with the lid off in a riverside slum. It is very carefully written—so carefully that a lot of it is in dialect.

Chinese Puzzle the dog-idolisers' book of the month, is the story of a Pekinese puppy who is inhabited by the soul of a Chinese sage. Its anthropomorphic dialogues are refreshingly tart and satirical.

MAURICE L. RICHARDSON.

In the next and subsequent issues The English Review will introduce a system of shorter notices in addition to the full-length reviews. Of the many other books received this month, it is hoped to give notice to a considerable proportion in one way or the other.